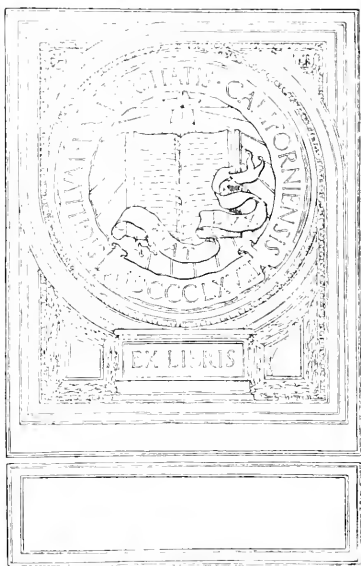


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John Harrison

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THE
VILLAGE CURATE,
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*Go, little images, swift to be loved,
Around their neck thy ribbon twine,
And ever welcome, ever improved,
Dwell in her bosom as she dwells in mine.*

M.

Presented to the Rev. Session.

in the year 1795. J. B. Barclay

THE
VILLAGE CURATE,

AND
OTHER POEMS;

INCLUDING
SOME PIECES NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

BY
THE REV. JAMES HURDIS, D. D.

LATE FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, AND PROFESSOR OF POETRY,
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

LONDON:

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AND HESSEY, FLEET-STREET, AND SHARPE AND HAILES,
PICCADILLY.

1810.

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TO THE
QUEEN'S

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

THE permission to inscribe these Poems to YOUR MAJESTY, an honour which we could not have presumed to solicit, is rendered yet more honourable and more gratifying to us by the spontaneous offer of it. The benevolent and gracious condescension which suggested that offer inspires us with grateful feelings, which it is not in our power to express. Our regard to the memory of a brother, to whose affectionate protection and instruction we owe so much, renders it a peculiar felicity to us, that his poems should be presented to the public graced with the patronage of so high and so revered a name ; and we humbly hope that they may be found not unworthy of their august Patroness. This we may be allowed to say, that his uniform endeavour was to promote by his writings the improvement of intellectual and moral excellence, which YOUR MAJESTY has so

eminently attained, and by your example so powerfully recommended; to place in the fullest light the happiness attainable in all stations, where the various duties of domestic life are duly fulfilled; to cherish the tender affections on which those duties depend; and to enforce on all occasions the purest lessons of Christian virtue.

That YOUR MAJESTY may long enjoy the heartfelt delight, inseparable from the practice of every thing truly good and great, is the fervent prayer of

YOUR MAJESTY'S

most dutiful

and most grateful Servants,

THE AUTHOR'S SISTERS.

Stephen Harrison

ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

As an extreme tenderness and liberality of brotherly affection formed the most striking feature in the character of the departed Author whose poems are here presented to the Reader, it is hoped that the Public will receive with indulgence a brief memorial of his life from the hand of a surviving Sister, who ventures to speak, not only for herself, but for three of her fellow-sufferers by his death. It is our united wish to render all the little honour in our power to his memory; for all of us have had abundant reason to contemplate the endearing character of the protector we have lost, with indelible gratitude and veneration. But it is not my intention to indulge myself in such praises of the deceased, as might appear likely to arise from the partiality of a Sister. I shall merely endeavour to record, as briefly as I can, the principal incidents of his life, and to illustrate his feelings, and his virtues, by selected passages from a few of his letters to the

illustrious object of his esteem and imitation, *the Author of the Task*.

The Rev. JAMES HURDIS was born at Bishopstone in the county of Sussex, in the year 1763. He was the third child, and only son, of James Hurdis, Gent. by his second wife, whom he married in the year 1759. His father dying, and leaving his mother in no affluent circumstances, with seven children, our Author was at her expense sent to school in the city of Chichester, at the age of eight years, first under the tuition of the Rev. Richard Tireman, an instructor whom he sincerely respected; and afterwards under the Rev. John Atkinson, for whose memory and literary abilities he had the highest veneration. And as a mark of Mr. Atkinson's esteem for his pupil, he bequeathed to him at his death a handsome legacy of valuable books. Here our Author also experienced the protection of his affectionate uncle, the Rev. Thomas Hurdis, D. D. Canon Residentiary of Chichester, and Canon of Windsor.

Being of a delicate frame and constitution, our Author seldom partook in the juvenile sports of his school-companions; but generally employed his hours of leisure in reading such books as are

more attractive to a youth who has an early passion for literature. His inclination to poetry soon made its appearance in many poetical compositions; among which was a tragedy of five acts, entitled *Panthea*, founded on the story in Xenophon's *Cyropædia*. This was afterwards transformed into a poem, a juvenile work, so long, that, with two other efforts which his partiality for his early productions afterwards induced him to publish, it has been thought prudent should be omitted in this collection.

Music was the only amusement which could induce him to relax from his study of books: the love of that enchanting science seems to have been naturally united with his disposition, even from an infant. As he advanced in life, he became a proficient upon almost every musical instrument: but the organ appears to have been his favourite; and during the time of his being at school, he nearly completed the building of a small one: a work interrupted by his quitting school for Oxford.

In 1780 he was entered a Commoner of St. Mary Hall, Oxford: and at the election in 1782 he was chosen a Demy of St. Mary Magdalen

College. Now finding himself freed from the restrictions of a school-boy, and a more ample field opening to the encouragement of his poetical taste, his application to books and poesy became almost unlimited.

His friends in Oxford were few and select, and only such as were endeared to him by good-nature, conformity of opinion, and fellowship in study. Among those who contributed to his support and encouragement, we must not omit to mention, with much respect, the Right Rev. George Horne, D. D. late Bishop of Norwich, and President of Magdalen College; the Rev. Dr. Routh, President of the same College; the Rev. Dr. Sheppard, of Amport and Basingstoke; and his esteemed friend and tutor at St. Mary Hall, the Rev. Dr. Rathbone, of Buckland.

At the commencement of every vacation, he returned to his mother at Bishopstone, and devoted this interval of relaxation from his own studies, to the assiduous instruction of his four younger sisters in those branches of literature which he thought might be most beneficial to them. To his application and industry they owe all which they have ever acquired.

About the year 1784 he went to Stanmer in Sussex, where he resided for some considerable time, as tutor to the late Earl of Chichester's youngest son, Mr. George Pelham, now the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Bristol; of whose literary attainments, and good qualities, I cannot more justly express his opinion, than by making the following extract from one of his letters, written to William Cowper, Esq. dated 1792. ‘ Mr. George Pelham is preferred to the valuable living of Bexhill, about twelve miles from Burwash. He is just turned of five and twenty, and is already in possession of two livings. If he mount with such rapidity, it cannot be long before he obtains, what his good qualities cannot fail to adorn, *a mitre*. Whatever his fortune, I am satisfied I shall never feel myself less than proud to own he was once my pupil. Indeed, of the whole family I could draw a picture, which even the most cynical judgment would allow had traits of the truest nobility ’

In May 1785, having obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he retired to the curacy of Burwash in Sussex; his Rector being the Rev. John Courtail, Archdeacon of Lewes. In this situation he resided six years.

In 1786, he was elected Probationer Fellow of Magdalen College; and the following year took his Master of Arts degree. Now finding himself sufficiently enabled to assist his mother in the support of her family, he hired a small house, and took three of his sisters to reside with him.

It is the general custom of those who describe the life of an Author, to deliver a critical opinion upon each of his works. Many reasons induce me not to attempt what I trust I may with propriety decline. Yet in my zeal to promote the reputation of a dear departed brother, I hope it may not be improper for me to cite in this memoir a most respectable authority in his favour. I mean those expressions of friendly praise on several of his publications, which I have selected from the letters addressed to him by his favourite friend, the late Mr. Cowper; because he himself used to consider the praise of that excellent person, as the most delightful reward of his literary labour.

It was at this time that our Author first appeared before the public as a poet. In 1788 he published his *Village Curate*, the reception of which far exceeded his expectations; a second edition being

called for the following year, and afterwards a third, and a fourth, which last he considerably improved.

I shall here quote a passage from a letter which he afterwards received from Mr. Cowper.

‘ I have always entertained, and have occasionally avowed, a great degree of respect for the abilities of the unknown author of the *Village Curate*, unknown at that time, but now well known, and not to me only, but to many. You will perceive, therefore, that you are no longer an Author *incognito*: the writer, indeed, of many passages which have fallen from your pen could not long continue so. Let genius, true genius, conceal itself where it may, we may say of it, as the young man in Terence of his beautiful mistress, *diu latere non potest*.’

His second production was, a Poem entitled *Adriano ; or, the first of June* ; which was followed in a short time by the three other Poems already alluded to, *Panthea*, *Elmer* and *Ophelia*, and the *Orphan Twins*. He next proceeded on a biblical research, in comparing the Hebrew with the English version of the Bible, and published in 1790 *A critical Dissertation on the true Meaning of the Hebrew Word עֲרִיב, found in Genesis i. 21.*

In 1791, through the interest of the Earl of Chichester, he was appointed to the living of Bishopstone. In this year he wrote the *Tragedy of Sir Thomas More*; and his *select critical Remarks upon the English Version of the first ten Chapters of Genesis*.

I shall here again cite a short passage found in a letter from Mr. Cowper to Lady Hesketh, relative to this tragedy.

‘To Mr. Hurd I return *Sir Thomas More* to-morrow, having revised it a second time. He is now a very respectable figure, and will do my friend, who gives him to the public, considerable credit.’

But here a sudden and melancholy incident occurred, which for a time entirely abstracted the mind of our Author from every literary pursuit. In 1792 he was deprived by death of his favourite sister Catharine, whose elegancies of mind are so frequently, and justly, pourtrayed in his works, under the different appellations of *Margaret* and *Isabel*.

And here I think I may, with much propriety, and justness to the affection which the Author always testified for his sister Catharine, transcribe a

letter, which was since found in the possession of Mr. Cowper, relative to her death.

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ Could I have found a moment free from anxiety, I should certainly have spent it in writing to you. But my mind has been totally absorbed in attention to my poor little girl, whom I have at last been unable to save. I watched by her nine and thirty nights: I neglected nothing which might have proved a source of relief: but all my endeavours were ineffectual, and I have been obliged to seek her a grave, where I may rest beside her. How painful an interval has passed since I last wrote to you, you will be able to judge from your own feelings. My eye has been fixed day and night upon a little sufferer, who was better to me than the best of daughters; and I have marked the slow but certain progress of death, prevailing over a life, which was ever dearer to me than my own. If expressions of impatience have escaped me while contemplating a prospect so distressing, I hope God will forgive me. It has been his pleasure to wound me where I was most sensible, and my reason has not always been able to support it. I have seen my amiable and affectionate Catharine gradually put to death by a disease at once pain-

ful and lingering. I have lived to behold the hour in which her existence was grievous to me: nay, I have lived to look upon her in the hour of death, without shedding tears at her dissolution. Indeed her departure was a relief to me. She had suffered extremely, and, for nearly a week before her death, had only short intervals of sense, in which she was unable to articulate her wants. In the evening on which she died, her senses returned, and she acknowledged us all, rewarding us with many thanks for our attention to her. She was then seized with a difficulty of breathing and slight convulsion, which did not appear very alarming to me, because I had seen her recover from the same symptoms before. I was the only person in the room when these began to abate, and she seemed to fall into a sound sleep, breathing without difficulty. I sat beside her, looking in her face; and the ease with which she slept soon inclined me to nod. I almost fell from my chair more than once; and being apprehensive that I might disturb her if I persisted, I went into the next room, to lie down upon a mattress which was on the floor. I met my eldest sister at the door, and desired her to give me notice when I was wanted. I had scarce laid myself down, when she came and informed me that her breath had ceased. I returned imme-

diately into the room, and was witness to two slight efforts made by nature to recover the action of the lungs ; which not being attended with success, she gave up the contest without deranging a single feature. The eyelid was still closed, the hand reclined upon the side of the easy-chair, into which she had been partly raised from the bed, and not one attitude of the composure in which I left her had been disturbed. If I had thought myself forsaken by my Maker in the former stages of my calamity, here I became sensible of his goodness. I saw in the strongest light the peculiar blessing of a peaceful end, and I saw that end bestowed upon a little girl, for whom I should more earnestly have petitioned it than for myself.

‘ Thus, Sir, was I deprived of a gem, which has literally hung about my neck all the days of my life, and never lost its lustre. Thus did I bid adieu to a little motherly comforter, who has ever been as a part of myself, and without whom I know not how I shall exist. I pray that my days, if they are not few, may at least be speedy, that I may make haste to meet her in the grave. I have promised her that she shall sleep beside me, and have appointed her a place at my right hand, a situation she always loved, and from which, God

knows, I never wished her to depart. Yes, my gentle Isabel, my invaluable Margaret, thou who hast been always in my eye,

‘ Attentively regarding all I said,
And soothing all my pains with sweet concern,

thou shalt rest beside me in the grave, as well as in the cradle. I will come to *thee*, though thou art not able to return to *me*. I will endeavour to deserve, as well as thou hast done, and trust to God’s mercy that I shall find thee again. And I pray him most devoutly, that wherever thou art, the sense of my unhappiness may not reach thee.

‘ When I write again, I will give you some account of my little girl’s natural endowments and of her attainments.’

The subject of which letter being closely connected with the one already transcribed, I shall present it also to the reader.

‘ I promised to give you some account of my little girl’s natural endowments, and of her attainments. As to the former, you will perhaps be surprised to learn, that she was the plainest of all my family. Her figure was good, her action was graceful ; but in her countenance there were many

defects. She was sensible of it, and would never give me her profile. I was therefore driven to the painful necessity of stealing it after she was dead. But for her carelessness without, Nature had made ample amends by her liberality within. Her disposition was so friendly, humane, and gentle, that it was impossible to know her and not esteem her. She was always attended by good-humour, compassion, and pleasantry. Her genius was capable of the greatest undertakings, and she never lost an hour in improving it. Reading was her delight from her childhood ; and you will scarce believe that at four and twenty she could have obtained the knowledge of which I know she was possessed. Of historical, biographical, and moral writers, she read every thing she could lay her hands on, and retained facts and dates with the nicest accuracy. In any chronological doubt, in any family anecdote, in any connection formed among great men, whether princes or scholars, I know of no person who was better qualified to pass an immediate decision. In her earlier years she was extremely fond of figures. I observed the propensity, and encouraged it. She followed me with the greatest ease through the most arduous rules of arithmetic, through fractions, through decimals, through algebra, and the first rudiments of

geometry. I then turned her aside to astronomical calculations ; and when she was taken ill, she was upon the point of framing an almanack for the year 1793, upon a new construction, which was to be presented to Mr. Cowper, and to be called the Poet's Almanack. The new and full moons, as well as the eclipses, were all to have been calculated, and the latter delineated by herself. In matters of this kind she had long since been expert, and could be certain of predicting any eclipse, however distant, without an error in time of more than two minutes. Her facility in music justly entitled her to the name which I gave her, *the leader of my band*. It was her office to play the organ, while her two sisters * sung, and I accompanied on the violoncello. I have often envied her the ease with which she acquired whatever she would. I practised much more than she did, but found she could always overtake me. If she chose, she could be rapid ; but she wished rather to be scientific and expressive. She once entertained a desire to engage in the pursuit of languages. I told her I did not think it the province of a woman. It could never be useful or ornamental ; for the

* Our Author had five sisters at this time ; but three only were resident with him.

graces of a linguist are masculine. At my request she refrained, but not altogether; for some time after I had become a student of Hebrew, I found she had followed me through all my grammatical memoranda, and was able to read and to construe the original Scriptures as well as myself. She was at the same time the most expert botanist, save one, of all my sisters, and a considerable proficient in physic.

‘ I should weary you with my story, was I to detail every little accomplishment and every good quality for which I esteemed her. Indeed, I believe that to some parts of her character I am still a stranger. She was extremely shy, and hid every thing she could. In her last illness, I often read to her sermons at her request. I was surprised to find that few were unknown to her. I asked one of her Sisters the reason. She told me, it had always been her custom, when left at home on a Sunday, (as she often was) to read the Psalms, the Lessons, and two or three Sermons. This, Sir, was a voluntary exercise: I was not the occasion of it; for I think it an employment of more gravity than youth can generally relish. I deem it the consequence of a well-grounded assurance of the truth of Christianity, which I have never failed to

inculcate, by recommending such writers as have been most lively and entertaining in the support of it.

‘ I will say no more. She is gone, and I must forget her. I am happy that I have been her friend, and that she has met with no calamity like this in passing through life. Death has not visited us before, since the death of my father. Had she buried a sister, I know not who could have comforted her : had she lived to see *me* in danger, I believe she would have died of apprehension. It is all well. She told me that *she* was satisfied, and why should I complain ? She wished she could have carried me away with her to heaven ; but comforted herself, that if we were parted, we could none of us stay long behind her.

‘ Such was the esteem which she had won of her whole family, that they have all been desirous of a place beside her, and I have enlarged the dimensions of my vault till it will hold seven. I have also been amusing myself in drawing up an inscription, to be placed over her. I send it to you, that you may correct it at your leisure.’

THE INSCRIPTION.

Farewell, sweet maid! whom, as bleak Winter sears
The fragrant bud of Spring, too early blown,
Untimely Death has nipt. Here take thy rest,
Inviolable here! while we, than thou
Less favour'd, through the irksome vale of life
Toil on in tears without thee. Yet not long
Shall Death divide us—Rapid is the flight
Of life, more rapid than the turtle's wing,
And soon our bones shall meet. Here may we sleep!
Here wake together! and, by his 'dear might,'
Who conquer'd Death for sinful man, ascend
Together hence to an eternal home!

On this affliction he quitted his curacy, and with his two sisters returned to Bishopstone. Here the trouble of his mind was considerably alleviated by an affectionate invitation from his much esteemed and sincere friend, William Hayley, Esq. to visit Eartham; where he had the pleasing satisfaction of meeting and becoming personally known to William Cowper, Esq. author of the *Task*, with whom he had maintained a confidential correspondence for some years.

In 1792 he published his *Cursory Remarks upon the Arrangement of the Plays of Shakspeare*, occasioned by reading *Mr. Malone's Essay on the*

chronological Order of those celebrated Pieces. Mr. Cowper, in a letter to the Author, speaks of the above publication as follows: ‘ I have read your *Cursor’s Remarks*, and am much pleased both with the style and the argument. Whether the latter be new or not, I am not competent to judge; if it be, you are entitled to much praise for the invention of it. Where other data are wanting to ascertain the time when an author of many pieces wrote each in particular, there can be no better criterion, by which to determine the point, than the more or less proficiency manifested in the composition. Of this proficiency where it appears, and of those plays in which it appears not, you seem to me to have judged well and truly; and consequently I approve of your arrangement.’

In April, 1793, he went to Oxford, and, with two of his sisters, resided in a small house at Temple Cowley. In November the same year he was elected Professor of Poetry in that University; and in the year following took the degree of Bachelor in Divinity.

On being elected Professor, he published a Specimen of some intended Lectures on English Poetry. And it was in this year that he wrote his *Tears of Affection*; a poem occasioned by the

lingering regret he still experienced from the death of his favourite sister.

In 1797 he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity. And in 1799 he married Harriet, daughter of Hughes Minet, Esq. of Fulham, Middlesex.

In 1800 he printed, at his own private press, his *Favourite Village*; and the same year he published his *Twelve Dissertations on the Nature and Occasion of Psalm and Prophecy*.

On Saturday, December 19, 1801, he went to Buckland in Berkshire, and on the day following performed the whole of Divine Service at that church. On the Monday evening he was attacked with a violent shivering, similar to that of an ague-fit. On the Tuesday he was unable to rise from his bed, complaining of great inability, and heaviness upon his eyes, which prevented him from opening them. Every medical assistance was procured, but to little effect, as he expired, apparently in a sound sleep, on the Wednesday evening, in his thirty-eighth year, at the house of his affectionate friend, the Rev. Dr. Rathbone. His body, by his own desire, was conveyed to Bishopstone, and placed in the family vault, close by that of his sister Catharine.

He left a widow and two sons ; James Henry, born June 5, 1800 ; and John Louis, born June 12, 1801 ; also a posthumous daughter, born August 1802.

He was tall, but well proportioned : his countenance serene and lively : of a fair complexion, with flaxen hair. His disposition was meek, affectionate, benevolent, and cheerful ; yet occasionally irritable and impatient. With his intimate friends he was affable, polite, and familiar ; but in mixed company generally reserved.

He was ever anxious to discharge the duties of his profession to the utmost of his abilities ; for his piety was fervent and unaffected.

A small marble tablet is erected to his memory, by his four sisters, with the following Epitaph, by his friend, William Hayley, Esq.

HURDIS ! ingenuous Poet and Divine !
A tender sanctity of thought was thine ;
To thee no sculptur'd tomb could prove so dear,
As the fond tribute of a Sister's tear.
For earth, who shelters in her vast embrace
The sleeping myriads of the mortal race,
No heart in all that multitude has known,
Whose love fraternal could surpass thine own.

TO
THE MEMORY

OF THE

AUTHOR OF THE VILLAGE CURATE, &c.

BY A FRIEND.

SWEET Bard, whose pencil could with Nature's vie,
To thee shall no kind friend one tribute pay ?
And shall the ground, where thy cold relics lie,
Be still unballow'd by the Muse's lay ?

Yet not inglorious in thy coffin sleeps
With thee that song, whose beauty charms the soul :
Still shall the virgin, as with thee she weeps,
O'er all her senses own thy soft control.

While Pity reads the tributary verse
Thy hand inscrib'd upon a sister's bier,
Fancy shall view the slow-proceeding hearse,
And with the mourner's mix her sacred tear :

Shall feel, when dust on dust is thrown, the sound

Strike deep on each warm fibre of the heart,
And tell with solemn voice to all around,
‘ That hour must come, when love from love must part.’

Yet shall thy muse excite by turns to joy,
And to the mind her fairer views disclose :
For why should sorrow all our thoughts employ,
Why waste our years in unavailing woes ?

With thee, sweet Bard, we tread thy *village lawn*,
And taste each pleasure of thy rural scene ;
Mark with thy raptur’d eye the flecker’d dawn,
When *June’s gay month* has deck’d the world in green :

And then when Evening comes, a pilgrim sad,
Each livelier tint of Nature’s face to shroud ;
While rising slow, in silver mantle clad,
The moon hangs pillow’d on an eastern cloud ;

We hear thy nightingale her anthem raise,
Amidst the stilness of thy quiet grove ;
While thine own organ with accordant praise
Swells the loud notes of gratitude and love.

Or in thy study, fill’d with ancient lore,
Where learning smil’d upon thy peaceful hours,
We see thee seated midst a numerous store,
Culling fresh fragrance from the Muse’s flowers :

Or proudly marshalling thy classic bands,
Where all, well rang'd, in gilded livery shine ;
As some great leader midst his army stands,
And darts his eye along the goodly line.

Oh, blameless triumph ! and oh, blest mankind,
Had the world's victors been content, like thee,
The wreath of science on their brows to bind,
And sought such laurels as with Peace agree !

Far happier thou ! of nature's charms to sing,
Thine was the lot, from din of arms retir'd ;
To rise from earth on Contemplation's wing,
By Faith, by Hope, by Charity inspir'd.

'Twas thine with Peace the rural shades to rove,
To taste the bliss domestic life bestows ;
To feel the fondness of thy sisters' love,
Their joys to heighten, and to sooth their woes.

'Twas thine with these to pass the studious day ;
To blend with Hurdis, Cowper's honour'd name ;
To charm his fancy with thy woodland lay,
To share his friendship, and partake his fame.

Nor didst thou wake thy heavenly harp in vain :
Though cold's the hand that strung th' immortal lyre,
Still soft Compassion listens to the strain,
And hangs enchanted o'er the trembling wire.

E'en from the tomb such sweet vibrations ring,
As steal from Princesses the trickling tear ;
So Love fraternal struck the sorrowing string,
That matron Majesty bows down to hear.

And, oh ! what jewel on a Prince's brow
Shines like the drop, which Pity's grief betrays ?
'Tis this that pales the ruby's living glow,
And dims the brightness of the diamond's blaze.

P. H.

Magd. Coll.

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Speedily will be published,
THE
FAVOURITE VILLAGE,
WITH A
SUBSEQUENT POEM,
(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED)
AND
A TRAGEDY.

BY
THE REV. JAMES HURDIS, D. D.

LATE FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, AND PROFESSOR OF POETRY,
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

*Uniformly printed with the present Volume, and completing this
Author's Poetical Works.*

THE
VILLAGE CURATE.

Dum relego scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque qui feci iudice, digna lini.

PREFACE

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

THE following Poem, as now presented to the Reader, has been cleared of many of those imperfections, which disgraced it in former editions; and some vigour has been added to its feebler parts. Passages may still remain, which the critic may think ought to have been expunged. The only apology offered for their preservation is, that their removal might have been fatal to other more deserving lines, with which they are inseparably connected. The Author does not wish to disguise his sentiment, that the Poem ought originally to have been written with more care. There

are many things in it, of which he can still say, *scripsisse pudet*. But not having the most distant expectation, when he first wrote, that the pages which he penned were to be so generally read, and afterwards acknowledged, he was inattentive in drawing them up. The Poem indeed was committed to the hands of the printer long before it was finished, and had possibly been extended to a much greater length, had not the compositor overtaken the writer, and called for more materials before they were ready. It was this which occasioned the abruptness of the conclusion, and the hasty dismissal of the remaining Poets, whom it was the Author's intention to have pictured severally, but for this interruption.

THE
VILLAGE CURATE.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden—of the glorious year,
In all her changes fair ; of gentle Spring,
Veil'd in a show'r of roses and perfumes,
Refulgent Summer in the pride of youth,
Mild Autumn with her wain and wheaten sheaf,
Or sullen Winter, loud, and tyrannous ;
Let nobler poets sing. Sit thou apart,
And on thine own Parnassus sweep the lyre,

Applauded Hayley, by the muses taught,
Who in those fairy groves delight to dwell
Which thy hand rear'd. And thou, superior bard,
Who, pris'ner to some fair one's will, hast sung
Thy Task so sweetly, strike again the strong,
The bold, the various energetic chord,
Secure and happy in thy fair retreat.
Be mine the task to sing the man content,
The VILLAGE CURATE. From no foreign shore
Came he a wand'ring fugitive, and, tost
On angry seas to please a poet's gods,
At length scarce reach'd the hospitable port.
With Father Brute he boasts not to have left
The tottering state of Priam, nor his blood
Can shew by lineal catalogue so pure
And only British, that no rude invader
Of Danish, Saxon, or of Norman breed,
Has mix'd with his god-sprung progenitors.
Nor has he clomb the high and hoary tops
Of Snowdon or Plinlimmon; yet in heart
A truer Briton lives not; thee he loves,
O happy England, and will love thee still.

In yonder mansion, rear'd by rustic hands,
And deck'd with no superfluous ornament,
Where use was all the architect propos'd,
And all the master wish'd, which, scarce a mile
From village tumult, to the morning sun
Turns its warm aspect, yet with blossoms hung
Of cherry and of peach, lives happy still
The reverend ALCANOR. On a hill,
Half way between the summit and a brook
Which idly wanders at its foot, it stands,
And looks into a valley wood-besprent,
That winds along below. Beyond the brook,
Where the high coppice intercepts it not,
Or social elms, or with his ample waist
The venerable oak, up the steep side
Of yon aspiring hill full opposite,
Luxuriant pasture spreads before his eye
Eternal verdure ; save that here and there
A spot of deeper green shows where the swain
Expects a nobler harvest, or high poles
Mark the retreat of the scarce-budded hop,
Hereafter to be eminently fair,

And hide the naked staff that train'd him up
With golden flow'rs. On the hill-top behold
The village steeple, rising from the midst
Of many a rustic edifice ; 'tis all
The Pastor's care. For he, ye whipping clerks,
Who with a jockey's speed from morn till night
Gallop amain through sermons, services,
And dirty roads, and barely find the day
Sufficient for your toil—he still disdains
For lucre-sake to do his work amiss,
And starve the flock he undertakes to feed.

Nor does he envy your ignoble ease,
Ye pamper'd Priests, who only eat and sleep,
And sleep and eat, and quaff the tawny juice
Of vet'ran port : sleep on, and take your rest,
Nor quit the downy couch preferment strews
To aid your master. While Alcanor lives,
Though Providence no greater meed design
To crown his labour, than the scanty sum
One cure affords, yet shall he not regret
That he renounc'd a life so little worth

To God and to his country. For he too
Might still have slumber'd in an easy chair,
Or idly lolled upon a sofa, held
A willing captive in the magic chain
Of Alma-mater; but in happy time
Serious occasion cut the golden link,
And set him free, to taste the nobler sweets
Of life domestic. There th' apostate lives,
In habitation neat, but plain and small :
Look in and see ; for there no treason lurks,
And he who lives as in the face of Heav'n
Shuns not the eye of man. On either side
The door, that opens with a touch, a room ;
The kitchen one, and what you will the other.
There now he sits in meditation lost,
And to the growing page commits with speed
To-morrow's text. Look round, nor fear to rouse
The busy soul, which, on her work intent,
Holds sense a pris'ner, and with cautious bolt
Has barr'd full fast the portals of the mind,
To shut out interruption. Bare the walls—
For here no painter's happy art has taught

The great progenitor to live anew
Upon the smiling canvass. Sculpture here
No ornament has hung of fruit or flow'r;
Nor specimen is here, to show how well
The imitative style can steal the grace
Which Nature lent the Painter. One poor sheet,
Half almanack, half print, without a frame,
Above the grate hangs unaccompanied :
A kind remembrancer of time to come,
Of fast and festival, expiring terms,
New moon and full. A regal table here
Arrests the eye, and here the brave account
Of Chancellor, High Steward, and their train,
Vice-Chancellor, and Proctors ; awful sound,
And still more awful sight to him, that treads
The public street with hat and stick, or wants
That grave appendage of the chin, a band.
Above behold the venerable pile
Some pious Founder rais'd ; but stay we not
To call him from his grave, where he perhaps
Would gladly rest unknown, and have an ear
Not to be rous'd by the Archangel's trump.

Yon half-a-dozen shelves support, vast weight !
The Curate's Library. There marshall'd stand
Sages and heroes, modern and antique.
He, their commander, like the vanquish'd fiend
Out-cast of Heav'n, oft through their armed files
Darts an experienc'd eye, and feels his heart
Distend with pride to be their only chief.
Yet needs not he the tedious muster-roll ;
The title page of each well-known, his name,
And character. Nor scorns he to converse
With raw recruit or musty veteran,
And oft prefers the mutilated garb
To macaroni suit, bedaub'd with gold,
Which often hides the man of little worth,
And tinsel properties. What need of dress
So fine and gorgeous, if the soul within
Be chaste and pure ? the fairest mask put on
Hides not the wrinkle of deformity.
A soul of worth will gild a beggar's frieze,
And on his tatter'd suit a lustre shed
No time can change. Give to the harlot's cheek
The glowing rouge, true virtue needs it not.

Shed perfumes in the chambers of the sick,
The lip of health has odours of its own.

Now mark we, what the master most esteems,
Yon antiquated thing, whose shapeless bulk
Fills half his room, the name a harpsichord.
In days remote the artist liv'd, whose hand
First smooth'd the burnish'd surface, haply sprung
From line of Jubal, whose ingenious race
'Taught erst the harp and organ. Thence it came,
Like great Atrides' sceptre, handed down
From Vulcan's smithy : to his chatterbox,
The pert and nimble-finger'd Argicide,
Jove gave it, he to Pelops, and so on.
So when his Grace a thread-bare coat discards,
He gives it to his valet, he to Tom,
And Tom to Dick ; then swings it for a while
Under a penthouse-shade in Monmouth-street.
It travels once again from back to back
Of prentice, poet, pedlar, till at length,
Quite out at elbows, and of buttons stript,
Powder'd and greasy, to some beggar's brat

It falls, a golden prize. Such the descent
Alcanor's instrument may boast ; but he
More for its present use the thing esteems,
Than could its ancient pedigree be trac'd
E'en to the days of old Cadwallader.
What boots it, O ye titled great, to show
The noble ancestor of regal line,
Whose valour bound an enemy in chains,
Or patriotic wisdom sav'd a state,
To be allied to men of worth and wit,
The glory of the world, if in yourselves
No spark of virtue live ? Who can esteem
The man, who all his dignity derives
From honours not his own ? Give me the steed
Whose noble efforts bore the prize away ;
I care not for his grandsire or his dam :
Be thine the nag of admirable port,
Which, spare and sinewless, still lags behind ;
I ask him not, though sprung of Galathy,
Bucephalus, or Pegase. Yet I grant,
Where goodness is to greatness near allied,
And blood and virtue for one empire strive,

The man who has them is a man indeed.
Nor, trust me, is the world so worthless grown,
But such there are, and such my soul esteems.
That ample case, which underneath the frame
Of harpsichord so smooth, in shape uncouth
Reposes, from the morning broom defends
A viol-bass, else long ago destroy'd
By the rude blows of slattern Lalage.
For she, a subtle wit, can plainly see
No worth in that whose worth is far remov'd
Beyond her sight and reach: so, critic-like,
She sweeps away her cobweb with a frisk,
And crushes many a pearl.

That smaller case

A violin protects, still sound and safe,
Though tumbled ringing oft upon the floor
With proud disdain, and ruin musical.

Such is Alcanor's household, such his state,
Save what might yet be sung in higher strains,
Of broom, and stool, of table, chair, and grate,
The furniture of parlour, kitchen bare,

And cellar ill-bestow'd ; imperial themes,
And worthy meditation infinite.
Save too the tedious invent'ry above,
Of blanket, bed, and reverend bureau :
Besides what ornaments the nest sublime
Of heav'n-aspiring Lalage. A maid
Is she, who sleeps in the moon's neighbourhood,
And often hears the golden show'r descend
Upon the tiles above, nor dreads assault
From maid-deceiving Jove. Too wise were he
'To seek Calisto under Dian's nose.
Let the fair silver-shafted Queen depart,
And Jove may come to woo her in the dark ;
She too has beauty that demands a veil,
Hide, hide her from him, or she wins him not.

Methinks Displeasure clouds the critic's brow,
And Scorn her arrow dips, profoundly perch'd
On his protruded lip. ' Is this the man
The poet sings, who, stranger to the world,
Suffers the speedy wick of life to burn
E'en to the socket : and, the duty done

One church affords, the rest of life resigns
To selfish ease ? Are these the nobler sweets
Of life domestic ? Was it but for this
Alcanor fled the public walks of life,
And bless'd the serious cause that set him free
From Alma-mater's chain ? Nobler it were
To mingle with the busy world, and be
The like of others, than sit here, supine
And sedulous, to please himself alone.
I grant him innocent and free from blame,
But hate the bliss which centres in itself.
Give me the man who cannot taste a joy
Which none partakes.' A truce, impatient Sir ;
For such Alcanor is. Not for himself
He sought the lonely cell remote, and stor'd
His humble mansion with resources sweet
Of intellectual bliss. To other eyes
And other ears the letter'd page unfolds
Ambrosial food, the honey of research.
'Tis not to please Alcanor's self alone,
Or heedless Lalage, so oft is heard
The melting sound of sweet-ton'd harmony.

In chambers yet unsung three fairies dwell,
Each to Alcanor bound, and near in blood,
But nearer in affection. Julia she,
Who holds the reign of household management,
And moderates with skill the lavish hand
Of hasty Lalage. Eliza next,
Of aspect mild, and ever-blooming cheek ;
Good humour there, and innocence, and health,
Perennial roses shed. It is a May
Which never drops its blush, but still the same
Appears in Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring ;
Save when it glows with a superior tinge,
Kiss'd by the morning breeze, or lighted up
At sound of commendation well-bestow'd,
Under the down-cast eye of modest worth,
Which shrinks at its own praise. Unwary Belles,
Who day by day the fashionable round
Of dissipation tread, stealing from art
The blush Eliza owns, to hide a cheek
Pale and deserted, come, and learn of me
How to be ever-blooming, young, and fair.
Give to the mind improvement. Let the tongue

Be subject to the heart and head. Withdraw
From city smoke, and trip with agile foot,
Oft as the day begins, the steepy down
Or velvet lawn, earning the bread you eat.
Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed;
The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of ev'ry flow'r that blows. Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps
Soon as the sun departs? Why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite, long ere the moon
Her oriental veil puts off? Think why,
Nor let the sweetest blossom nature boasts
Be thus expos'd to night's unkindly damp.
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
Compell'd to taste the rank and pois'nous steam
Of midnight theatre, and morning ball.
Give to repose the solemn hour she claims,
And from the forehead of the morning steal
The sweet occasion. O there is a charm
Which morning has, that gives the brow of age
A smack of youth, and makes the lip of youth
Shed perfumes exquisite. Expect it not,

Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
Indulging fev'rous sleep, or wakeful dream
Of happiness no mortal heart has felt
But in the regions of romance. Ye fair,
Like you it must be woo'd, or never won :
And, being lost, it is in vain ye ask
For milk of roses and Olympian dew.
Cosmetic art no tincture can afford
The faded feature to restore : no chain,
Be it of gold, and strong as adamant,
Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.

But leave we not the gentle Isabel
Unsung, though nature on her cheek no rose
Has planted, and the lily blossom there
Without a rival. Look within; and learn,
That on the mind internal she bestows
What she denies the face. Yes, she is kind,
And gives to ev'ry man his proper gift,
To make him needful to his native soil.
There is not inequality so strange
'Twixt man and man, as haughty wits suppose.

The beggar treads upon the monarch's heel
For excellencce, and often wears a heart
Of noble temper, under filth and rags :
While he that reigns, in spite of outward pomp,
Is mean and beggarly within, and far outweigh'd
By the offensive lazar at his gate.
Th' unletter'd fool, who daily steers the plough
With vacant head, and heart as unimprov'd
As the dull brute he drives, gives to the world
A necessary good, which all thy pains,
Ingenious Critic, or thy deep research,
Profound Philosopher, thy preaching, Clerk,
Thy prattle, Lawyer, or thy grave demurs,
Costly Physician, hardly shall exceed.
The kingly tulip captivates the eye,
But smelt we loathe ; while the sweet violet,
Which little beauty boasts, hid from the sight,
With such a fragrant perfume hits the sense,
As makes us love ere we behold. And thus
The gaudy peacock of the feather'd race
The noblest seems, till the sweet note be heard
Which nightly cheers the musing poet's ear

Under the thorny brake; and then we grant,
That little Philomel, though unadorn'd,
Needs not the aid of plumes. So, Isabel,
Internal worth upon thy cheek bestows
A rose's beauty, though no rose be there.
A heart which almost breaks to be rebuk'd,
A mind inform'd, yet fearful to be seen,
Kept by a tongue which never but at home,
And cautious then, its golden trust betrays.
These are thy charms, and they are charms for me,
And in my eye as sweet a grace bestow,
As matchless Beauty, trick'd in airy smiles
And suit of fantasy, what time she trips
With foot inaudible the sprightly round
Of fairy dance, outshining ev'ry star
And planet of the night. And these shall last,
As morning fair and fresh as amaranth,
When all thy triumphs, Beauty, are no more.

Here let us pause. For learned jockeys say,
'Tis good to give one's steed a morning draught :
And he that will may whet his whistle too

With cordial peppermint, or baser dram,
The journey scarce begun. Tedious the way,
Through many a dismal lane, and darksome wood,
In story famous for the murder done
On nightly traveller. And ask the sot,
Who daily drives the clattering stage, with face
Raw as the surloin, wrapt in coat of proof,
Lashing his rawbon'd steeds to distance time,
Now swearing, drinking now, now snarling jokes,
Now laughing loud, and now with surly heel
Stamping the boot—ask him, I say, if drink
Be not the soul of labour. What could he,
The frequent cann denied, the smiling bowl,
And ever-and-again-returning dram?
Or ask the drunken fool, who all day long
Or drinks, or lolls upon an alehouse bench,
With pot in hand, and thirsty pipe in mouth.
Sons of Anacreon, say whence the laugh
Which shakes the very roof, at ev'ry pause
Of the loud song with Stentrophonic voice
Lustily brayed? Or you, ye gallant bloods,
Say whence your noble exploits, to beset

Fair Thais, kick the waiter, burst the lamp,
Cry fire, and bid defiance to the watch ?
Join your shrill pipes, ye maids of Billingsgate,
And market dames, and make the chorus full.
' O, there is nothing noble to be done
Till we have swallow'd pint on pint. 'Tis drink,
And only drink, that makes the world go round.'

I praise you not ; and if there be a wretch
Who thus far has perus'd my careless page,
In hope to find a palliative to vice,
Here let us part. An enemy to mirth
Who deems me, does me wrong. I hold it good
To laugh away a portion of my days, -
And give to mirth her song, to sport her feather :
But he who draws his wit to stab at truth,
And is the friend of folly when he smiles,
Has liv'd too long. Ne'er be my trifling muse
Virtue's assassin, or the friend of vice.
Kind Heaven, if there be a deed so dark
Yet lodg'd in future time, be death my lot
Ere it arrive, and send me to my grave
E'en in the pride and glory of my strength.

YE gentle Pow'rs, (if any such there be,
And, if there be not, 'tis a sweet mistake
To think there be) that day by day, unseen,
Where souls, unanimous and link'd in love,
In sober converse spend the vacant hour,
Hover above, and in the cup of life
A cordial pour which all its bitter drowns,
And gives the hasty minutes as they pass
Unwonted fragrance ; come and aid my song.
In that clear fountain of eternal love
Which flows for ay at the right hand of him,
The great Incomprehensible ye serve,
Dip my advent'rous pen, that nothing vile,
Of the chaste eye or ear unworthy, may
In this my early song be seen or heard.

Sing then, my Muse, the rural Curate's steps,
His modes of living, manners, and pursuits.
One year the limits of thy song confine,
From early spring till spring again return.

Then let the bard begin, when Winter yet
Powders the lawn with snow, and on our eaves
Hangs the chaste icicle. Be that the time,
When the tir'd sportsman lays his gun aside,
Nor wages ineffectual war again
On partridge race. The day St. Valentine,
When maids are brisk, and at the break of day
Start up, and turn their pillows, curious all
To know what happy swain the fates provide
A mate for life. Then follows thick discharge
Of true-love knots and sonnets nicely penn'd;
But, to the learned critic's eye, no verse,
But prose distracted, galloping away
Like yelping cur with kettle at his tail.
Forgive the thought, ye maids of poesy,
And be as kind as fair. Critics may laugh
And yet approve; and I your pains applaud,
Though short of excellence. I love the maid
Who has ambition, and betrays a mind
Of active and ingenious turn; who scorns
Only to know what fashion and the age
Require, and can do more than flirt her fan,

Read novels, dance with grace, sing playhouse airs,
Speak scandal, danb or vellum or her face,
Retail some half-a-dozen terms in French,
And twice as many English, and dispatch
By every post a tedious manuscript,
Which to translate would crack the very brain
Or Arabic Professor. O ye fair,
Ye were design'd for nobler flights than these;
Nature on you as we as us bestow'd
The good capacity. And though to us
She gave the nicer judgment, yet she hid
The sweet defect in you, with better skill
To clothe the fair idea, keener eye,
And quicker apprehension. 'Tis in you
Imagination glows in all her strength,
Gay as the robe of spring, and we delight
To see you pluck her blossoms, and compose
The cheerful nosegay for the swain you love.
What if Alcanor's self should not disdain
To imitate your toils, but sometimes hang
Ill-woven chaplets on Maria's brow,
Which needs no ornament to make it please

With sweeter grace. The hour so spent shall live,
Not unapplauded, in the book of Heav'n.
For dear and precious as the moments are
Permitted man, they are not all for deeds
Of active virtue. Give we none to vice,
And Heav'n will not strict reparation ask
For many a summer's day and winter's eve
So spent as best amuses us. Alas !
If He that made us were extreme to mark
The trifled hour, what human soul could live ?
We trifle all, and he who best deserves
Is but a trifler. What art thou whose eye
Follows my pen, or what am I that write ?
Both triflers. 'Tis a trifling world, from him
Who banquets daintily in sleeves of lawn,
To him who starves upon a country cure :
From him who is the pilot of a state,
To him who begs, and rather begs than works.

Then blame we not Alcanor for his pains,
Nor think him misemploy'd, what time he sits
Eager to clothe the new-born thought, and woos

•

•

The maiden Meditation, hard to win,
For terms of apt significance. Nor then,
When Winter, better pleas'd, puts on a smile,
And round his garden at high noon he walks,
Not unattended, and the daffodil
And early snowdrop welcomes, pensive flow'r.
Nor needs he then excuse, what time he starts,
To mark the progress of the morning sun,
As northward from his equinox he steers,
And once again brings on the glorious year.
Sweet are the graces which the steps attend
Of early morning, when, the clouded brow
Of winter smooth'd, up from her orient couch
She springs, and, like a maid betroth'd puts on
Her bridal suit, and with an ardent smile
Comes forth to greet her lover. To my eye,
As well as thine, Alcanor, grateful 'tis,
Ay passing sweet, to mark the cautious pace
Of slow-returning Spring, e'en from the time
When first the matted apricot unfolds
His tender bloom, till the full orchard glows ;
From when the gooseberry first shews a leaf,

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Till the high wood is clad, and the broad oak
Yields to the fly-stung ox a shade at noon
Sun proof. How charming 'tis, to see sweet May
Laugh in the rear of Winter, and put on
Her gay apparel to begin anew
The wanton year. See where apace she comes
As fair, as young, as brisk, as when from Heav'n
Before the Founder of the world she tripp'd
To Paradise rejoicing : the light breeze
Wafts to the sense a thousand odours ; Hark !
The cheerful music which attends.

O Man,

Would on thyself alone the awful doom
Of death had past ! It grieves me to the soul
To think how soon the blooming year shall fade,
How soon the leafy honours of the vale
Be shed, the blossom nipt, and the bare branch
How dreary music in the ear of Winter.
Yet let us live, and, while we may, rejoice,
And not our present joy disturb with thought
Of evils sure to come, and by no art
Be shunn'd.

Come hither, fool, who vainly think'st
Thine only is the art to plumb the depth
Of truth and wisdom. 'Tis a friend who calls,
And has some honest pity left for thee,
O thoughtless stubborn Sceptic. Look abroad,
And tell me, shall we to blind chance ascribe
The scene so wonderful, so fair, and good ?
Shall we no farther search than sense will lead,
To find the glorious cause which so delights
The eye and ear, and scatters ev'ry where
Ambrosial perfumes ? Is there not a hand
Which operates unseen, and regulates
The vast machine we tread on ? Yes, there is
Who first created the great world, a work
Of deep construction, complicately wrought,
Wheel within wheel ; though all in vain we strive
To trace remote effects through the thick maze
Of movements intricate, confus'd and strange,
Up to the great Artificer who made
And guides the whole. What if we see him not ?
No more can we behold the busy soul
Which animates ourselves. Man to himself

Is all a miracle. I cannot see
The latent cause, yet such I know there is,
Which gives the body motion, nor can tell
By what strange impulse the so ready limb
Performs the purposes of will. How then
Shalt thou or I, who cannot span ourselves,
In this our narrow vessel comprehend
The being of a God. Go to the shore,
Cast in thy slender angle, and draw out
The huge Leviathan. Compress the deep,
And shut it up within the hollow round
Of the small hazel-nut: or freight the shell
Of snail or cockle with the glorious sun,
And all the worlds that live upon his beams,
The goodly apparatus that rides round
The glowing axle-tree of Heav'n. Then come,
And I will grant 'tis thine to scale the height
Of wisdom infinite, and comprehend
Secrets incomprehensible; to know
There is no God, and what the potent cause
Which the revolving universe upholds,
And not requires a Deity at hand.

Persuade me not, insulting disputant,
That I shall die, the wick of life consum'd,
And, spite of all my hopes, sink to the grave,
Never to r'ise again. Will the great God,
Who thus by annual miracle restores
The perish'd year, and youth and beauty gives
By resurrection strange, where none was ask'd,
Leave only man to be the scorn of time
And sport of death? Shall only he one spring,
One hasty summer, and one autumn see,
And then to winter irredeemable
Be doom'd, cast out, rejected, and despis'd?
Tell me not so, or by thyself enjoy
The melancholy thought. Am I deceiv'd?
Be my mistake eternal. If I err,
It is an error sweet and lucrative.
For should not Heav'n a farther course intend
Than the short race of life, I am at least
Thrice happier than thou, ill-boding fool,
Who striv'st in vain the awful doom to fly
Which I not fear. But I *shall* live again,
And still on that sweet hope shall my soul feed.

A medicine it is, which with a touch
Heals all the pains of life ; a precious balm,
Which makes the tooth of sorrow venomless,
And of her hornet sting so keen disarms
Cruel Adversity——

A truce to thought,
And come, Alcanor, Julia, Isabel,
Eliza come, and let us o'er the fields,
Across the down, or through the shelving wood,
Wind our uncertain way. Let fancy lead,
And be it ours to follow, and admire,
As well we may, the graces infinite
Of nature. Lay aside the sweet resource
Which winter needs, and may at will obtain,
Of authors chaste and good, and let us read
The living page, whose ev'ry character
Delights and gives us wisdom. Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again, and still find something new,
Something to please, and something to instruct,

E'en in the noisome weed. See, ere we pass
Alcanor's threshold, to the curious eye
A little monitor presents her page
Of choice instruction, with her snowy bells
The lily of the vale. She nor affects
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun.
She to no state or dignity aspires,
But silent and alone puts on her suit,
And sheds her lasting perfume, but for which
We had not known there was a thing so sweet
Hid in the gloomy shade. So when the blast
Her sister tribes confounds, and to the earth
Stoops their high heads that vainly were expos'd.
She feels it not, but flourishes anew,
Still shelter'd and secure. And so the storm,
That makes the high elm couch, and rends the oak,
The humble lily spares. A thousand blows,
Which shake the lofty monarch on his throne,
We lesser folk feel not. Keen are the pains
Advancement often brings. To be secure,
Be humble; to be happy, be content.
All is not gold, Eliza, which the eye

Delights in. To command a coach and six,
Be styl'd *my Lady*, or *your Grace*, to lead
In fashion, shine at court, be cloth'd in silk,
And make an artificial day, beset
With eye-distressing jewels, are but charms
Which lift you from the crowd, to be the mock
Of hissing envy ; steps they are, that lead
Unwary maids to fortune's pillory,
To be the butt of undeserv'd reproach
And lying slander. Hast thou not observ'd
The idle school-boy, through a field of wheat
Scarce ripe, returning home, with what delight
He trims a switch, and strikes at the full ear
Most eminent, and still walks on and strikes ?
So Fortune gambols with the great, and still,
As one above another climbs, condemns,
And makes him shorter by the head. Well-pleas'd.
No doubt, Alcanor's self were, should by chance
An eddy seize him in the stream of life,
And bear him to a throne, of all this isle
Grand Metropolitan : but trust me, Sir,
Nor Laud nor Tillotson would stoop again

To bear the golden burden. But with him
Sweet peace abounds, and only he escapes
The poison'd shafts of obloquy and wrong,
Who hides his virtue in content ; and, like
This modest lily, wins our best regard
By studying to avoid it. Virtue too
Will ever thus her lone retreat betray,
And, spite of privacy, be sought and seen ;
For she has fragrance, which delights the sense
Of men and angels, yea, of God himself.—

Away, we loiter. Without notice pass
The sleepy crocus, and the staring daisy
The courtier of the sun. What find we there ?
The love-sick cowslip, which her head inclines
To hide a bleeding heart. And here's the meek
And soft-ey'd primrose. Dandelion this,
A college youth who flashes for a day
All gold ; anon he doffs his gaudy suit,
Touch'd by the magic hand of some grave Bishop,
And all at once, by commutation strange,
Becomes a Reverend Divine. How sleek !

How full of grace ! and in that globous wig,
So nicely trimm'd, unfathomable stores,
No doubt, of erudition most profound.
Each hair is learned, and his awful phiz,
A well-drawn title-page, gives large account
Of matters strangely complicate within.
Place the two doctors each by each, my friends,
Which is the better ? say. I blame not you,
Ye powder'd periwigs, which hardly hide,
With glossy suit and well-fed paunch to boot,
The understanding lean and beggarly.
But let me tell you, in the pompous globe,
Which rounds the dandelion's head, is couch'd
Divinity most rare. I never pass
But he instructs me with a still discourse,
That more persuades than all the vacant noise
Of pulpit rhetoric ; for vacant 'tis,
And vacant must it be, by vacant heads
Supported.

Leave we them to mend, and mark

The melancholy hyacinth, that weeps
All night, and never lifts an eye all day.

How gay this meadow !—like a gamesome boy
New cloth'd, his locks fresh comb'd and powder'd, he
All health and spirits. Scarce so many stars
Shine in the azure canopy of heav'n,
As king-cups here are scatter'd, interspers'd
With silver daisies.

See, the toiling hind
With many a sturdy stroke cuts up at last
The tough and sinewy furze. How hard he fought
To fell the glory of the barren waste !
For what more noble than the vernal furze
With golden baskets hung ? Approach it not,
For ev'ry blossom has a troop of swords
Drawn to defend it. 'Tis the treasury
Of Fays and Fairies. Here they nightly meet,
Each with a burnish'd king-cup in his hand,
And quaff the subtil ether. Here they dance
Or to the village chimes, or moody song
Of midnight Philomel. The ringlet see

Fantastically trod. There Oberon
His gallant train leads out, the while his torch
The glow-worm lights, and dusky night illumes :
And there they foot it featly round and laugh.
The sacred spot the superstitious ewe
Regards, and bites it not in reverence.
Anon the drowsy clock tolls one—the cock
His clarion sounds, the dance breaks off, the lights
Are quench'd, the music hush'd, they speed away
Swifter than thought, and still the break of morn
Outrun, and chasing midnight as she flies
Pursue her round the globe. So Fancy weaves
Her flimsy web, while sober Reason sits,
And, smiling, wonders at the puny work,
A net for her; then springs on eagle wing,
Constraint defies, and soars above the sun.
Not always such her flight. For croaking dames,
And silly mothers oft conspire to clip
Her infant wing, and feed her full with fears,
Till all her energy expires, and she,
Caught in the snare of fancy, lives and quakes
Pris'ner for life. O thoughtless managers !

See where the sky-blue periwinkle climbs
E'en to the cottage eaves, and hides the loam
And dairy lattice with a thousand eyes,
Pentagonally form'd, to mock the skill
Of proud geometers. See there the fern
Unclenching all her fingers, to distract
The plodding theorist, who little sees,
And tortures reason for the rest. Behold,
And trust him not, the seed. So errors live,
Truth dies, and ev'ry day we need a Brown
To set a jangling world to rights.

No more :

But mark with how peculiar grace yon wood,
That clothes the weary steep, waves in the breeze
Her sea of leaves : thither we turn our steps,
And as we pass attend the cheerful sound
Of woodland harmony, which ever fills
The merry vale between. How sweet the song
Day's harbinger performs ! I have not heard
Such elegant divisions drawn from art.
And what is he that wins our admiration ?

A little speck which floats upon the sun-beam.
What vast perfection cannot nature crowd
Into a puny point ! The nightingale,
Her solo anthem sung, and all who heard
Content, joins in the chorus of the day.
She, gentle heart, thinks it no pain to please,
Nor, like the moddy songsters of the world,
Displays her talent, pleases, takes affront,
And locks it up in envy.

Now we hear

The golden wood-pecker, who like the fool
Laughs loud at nothing. Now the restless pye
So, pert and garrulous, from morn to night
The scandal-monger prates, and frankly tells
The secret springs which actuate the state,
The minister, the people. She can see,
With easy eye, who stands, who falls, who rises ;
Who little merits, and who best deserves ;
And thus she murders truth, and propagates
The public lie, extorting many a tear
And many a sigh from wounded innocence.

Yes, Isabel, if ev'ry idle word
Have awful weight in heav'n, no feeble deed
Will turn the scale in favour of that fool,
Who prattles injury, and worth defames,
From gay fifteen to tremulous fourscore !

Hark, how the cuckoo mocks the village bells.
The jay attend, a very termagant.

Observe the glossy raven in the grass
Croaking rude courtship to his negro mate.
Yes, he's a flatterer, and in his song,
If such it may be call'd, her charms recites.
He tells her of her bosom black as jet,
Her taper leg, her penetrating eye,
Her shapely beak, her soft and silky wing,
Her voice melodious—waddles courteous round,
Vows to be constant, prays humane return—
Solicitous in vain he claps his wing
And flies; she much against her will pursues.

I love to see the little goldfinch pluck

The groundsel's feather'd seed, and twit and twit,
And soon in bower of apple blossoms perch'd,
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song.
I would not hold him pris'ner for the world.

The chimney-haunting swallow too, my eye
And ear well pleases. I delight to see
How suddenly he skims the glassy pool,
How quaintly dips, and with a bullet's speed
Whisks by. I love to be awake, and hear
His morning song twitter'd to dawning day.
But most of all it wins my admiration,
To view the structure of this little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without.
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join ; his little beak was all.
And yet how neatly finish'd ! What nice hand,
With ev'ry implement and means of art,
And twenty years apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another ? Fondly then

We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.

The bee observe ;

She too an artist is, and laughs at man,
Who calls on rules the sightly hexagon
With truth to form ; a cunning architect,
Who at the roof begins her golden work,
And builds without foundation. How she toils,
And still from bud to bud, from flow'r to flow'r,
Travels the livelong day. Ye idle drones,
Who rather pilfer than your bread obtain
By honest means like these, behold and learn
How good, how fair, how honourable 'tis
To live by industry. The busy tribes
Of bees so emulous are daily fed
With heaven's peculiar manna. 'Tis for them,
Unwearied alchymists, the blooming world
Nectareous gold distils. And bounteous heav'n,
Still to the diligent and active good,
Their very labour makes the certain cause

Of future wealth. The little traveller,
Who toils so cheerfully from flow'r to flow'r,
For ever singing as she goes, herself
Bears on her wings and thighs the genial dust
The barren blossom needs, and the young seed
Impregnates for herself, else unprolific.

How peaceable and solemn a retreat
This wood affords ! I love to quit the glare
Of sultry day for shadows cool as these :
The sober twilight of this winding way
Lets fall a serious gloom upon the mind,
Which checks, but not appals. Such is the haunt
Religion loves, a meek and humble maid,
Whose tender eye bears not the blaze of day.
And here with Meditation hand in hand
She walks, and feels her often-wounded heart
Renew'd and heal'd. Speak softly. We presume.
A whisper is too loud for solitude
So mute and still.

So have I gone at night,

When the faint eye of day was hardly clos'd,
And turn'd the grating key which kept the door
Of church or chapel, to enjoy alone
The mournful horrors, which impending night
And painted windows shed along the dark
And scarce to be distinguish'd aisle. My foot
Has stood and paus'd, half startled at the sound
Of its own tip-toe pace. I've held my breath,
And been offended that my nimble heart
Should throb so audibly. I would not hear
Aught else disturb the silent reign of death,
Save the dull ticking of a lazy clock,
That calls me home, and leads the pious soul
Through mazes of reflection, till she feels
For whom and why she lives. Ye timid fair,
I never saw the sheeted ghost steal by,
I never heard th' unprison'd dead complain
And gibber in my ear, though I have lov'd
The yawning time of night, and travell'd round
And round again the mansions of the dead.
Yet have I heard, what fancy well might deem
Sufficient proof of both, the prowling owl

Sweep by, and with a hideous shriek awake
The church-yard echo, and I too have stood
Harrow'd and speechless at the dismal sound.
But here she frays us not. Such scenes as these
No ghost frequents. If any spirits here,
They are as gentle as the eve of day,
And only come to turn our wand'ring steps
From lurking danger. With what easy grace
This footway winds about ! Show me designs
That please us more. What strict geometer
Can carve his yew, his quickset, or his box,
To half its elegance ? I would not see
A thousand paces forward, nor be led
Through mazes ever serpentine. Let art
Be hid in nature. Wind the flow'ry path,
But be not bound to follow Hogarth's line.
I grant it beauty ; but, too often seen,
That beauty pleases not. I love to meet
A sudden turn like this, which stops me short,
Extravagantly devious, and invites
Or up the hill or down ; then winds again,
By reeling drunkard trod, and sudden ends

In a green swarded wain-way, not unlike
Cathedral aisle completely roof'd with boughs,
Which stretching up-hill through the gloomy wood
Displays at either end a giant door
Wide open'd. Travel not the steep, nor tread
With hardly sensible advance the hill
Which baffles expedition. Gaze awhile
At the still view below, the living scene
Inimitable nature has hung up
At the vault's end, then disappear again,
And follow still the flexile path, conceal'd
In shady underwood. Nor sometimes scorn
Under the high majestic oak to sit,
And comment on his leaf, his branch, his arm
Paternally extended, his vast girth,
And ample hoop above. To him who loves
To walk with contemplation, ev'ry leaf
Affords a tale concluding with a moral.
The very hazel has a tongue to teach,
The birch, the maple, horn-beam, beech, and ash

But these detain us not, for the faint sun

Puts on a milder countenance, and skirts
The undulated clouds that cross his way
With soften'd glory. His warm axle cools,
And his broad disc, tho' fervent, not intense,
Foretells the near approach of matron night.
Ye fair, retreat. Your drooping flow'rs will need
Kind nutriment. Along the hedge-row path
Hasten we homeward. Only pause our speed
To gaze a moment at the custom'd brow,
Which ever unexpectedly displays
The clear cerulean prospect of the vale.
Dispers'd along the bottom flocks and herds,
Hayricks and cottages, beside a stream
Which silverly meanders here and there ;
Above the brook, corn-fields, and pastures, hops,
And waving woods, and tufts, and lonely oaks,
Thick interspers'd as Nature best was pleas'd.
I could not pass this view, nor stay to feast,
For all the wealth of Ind. Ingenious painter,
Why leave a land so delicately cloth'd,
To gather beauties on a foreign shore ?
'Twas here my Shakspeare caught his living art,

And who can paint like him ? To British eyes
Show British beauties. Who can choose but love ?
Paint me the fair ones of my native isle ;
Your canvass shall have charms no time can kill.
The foreign belle, though fair, attracts me not.

Another moment pause, and to the vale,
From the calm precipice we tread, look back.
See where the school-boy, once again dismiss'd,
Feels all the bliss of liberty, and drives
The speedy hour away at the brisk games
Of social cricket. It delights me much
To see him run, and hear the cheerful shout
Sent up for victory. I cannot tell
What rare effect the mingled sound may yield
Of huntsmen, hounds, and horns, to firmer hearts,
Which never feel a pain for flying puss ;
To me it gives a pleasure far more sweet,
To hear the cry of infant jubilee
Exulting thus. Here all is innocent,
And free from pain, which the resounding chase,
With its gigantic clamours, cannot drown,

E'en though it pour along a thund'ring peal,
Strong as the deep artillery of heav'n.

Now turn, and from the pleasant summit view
Alcanor's cell. Before, the garden see
Well shorn and spruce ; behind, the neat domain
Of cow and truant poney, who approves
All pastures but his own. Seen from afar,
It seems, methinks, a party-colour'd spot
Upon a sampler little Miss has work'd
To please her grand'am. Love it still, ye fair ;
Enjoy it still, Alcanor. Here who will
May live in satisfaction truly sweet,
Which York or Lambeth cannot give. Who strays,
Shall taste a thousand pains unfelt at home.
We fondly think the land of happiness
Is any where but here. And thus we quit
The little bliss we own for less, and learn
From painful circumstance, the more we stray,
The more we want relief. The troubled heart
Which harbours discontent, feeds a disease
No change of place, no medicine, can cure.

Happy the man who truly loves his home,
And never wanders further from his door
Than we have stray'd to-day ; who feels his heart
Still drawing homeward, and delights, like us,
Once more to rest his foot on his own threshold.

Alcanor, Julia, Isabel, Eliza,
Here let us pause, and ere still night advance
To shut the books of heav'n, look back and see
What commendable act has sprung to-day.
Ah ! who can boast ? The little good we do
In all the years of life will scarce outweigh
The follies of an hour.

Adieu, ye fair ;
We leave you to your task, nor give you aid
As wont. Rear'd by your hands alone, the flow'r
Shall have a ruddier blush, a sweeter fragrance.
Alcanor, come, and let us once again
Descend into the valley, and enjoy
The sober peace of the still summer's eve.
We have no blush to lose ; our freckled cheek

The sun not blisters, nor the night-dew blasts.
Such is the time the musing poet loves.
Now vigorous imagination teems,
And, warm with meditation, brings to birth
Her admirable thought. I love to hear
The silent rook to the high wood make way
With rustling wing ; to mark the wanton mouse,
And see him gambol round the primrose head,
Till the still owl comes smoothly sailing forth,
And with a shrill *to-whit* breaks off his dance,
And sends him scouring home ; to hear the cur
Of the night-loving partridge, or the swell
Of the deep curfew from afar. And now
It pleases me to mark the hooting owl
Perch'd on the naked hop-pole, to attend
The distant cataract, or farmer's cur,
That bays the northern lights or rising moon.
And now I steal along the woody lane,
To hear thy song so various, gentle bird,
Sweet queen of night, transporting Philomel.
I name thee not to give my feeble line
A grace else wanted, for I love thy song,

And often have I stood to hear it sung,
When the clear moon, with Cytherean smile
Emerging from an eastern cloud, has shot
A look of pure benevolence and joy
Into the heart of night. Yes, I have stood
And mark'd thy varied note, and frequent pause,
Thy brisk and melancholy mood, with soul
Sincerely pleas'd. And O, methought, no note
Can equal thine, sweet bird, of all that sing
How easily the chief! Yet have I heard
What pleases me still more—the human voice
In serious sweetness flowing from the heart
Of unaffected woman. I could hark
Till the round world dissolv'd, to the pure strain
Love teaches, gentle Modesty inspires.
But tease me not, ye self-conceited fools,
Who with a loud insufferable squall
Insult our ears, or hum a noiseless air
Disdaining to be heard; the while ye smile,
To show a set of teeth newly repair'd,
Or shrink and shrug, to make the crowd admire
Your strange grimaces practis'd at the glass.

O, I abhor it. I would rather hear
A pedlar's kit scrape to a dancing dog.

Melodious bird, good night ; good night, Alcanor.
Let us not borrow from the hours of rest,
For we must steal from morning to repay.
And who would lose the animated smile
Of dawning day, for th' austere frown of night ?
I grant her well accoutred in her suit
Of dripping sable, powder'd thick with stars,
And much applaud her as she passes by
With a replenish'd horn on either brow ;
But more I love to see awaking day
Rise with a fluster'd cheek ; a careful maid,
Who fears she has outslept the custom'd hour,
And leaves her chamber blushing. Hence to rest ;
I will not prattle longer to detain you
Under the dewy canopy of night.

So have I sung Alcanor and the fair,
Through the slow walk and long beloiters'd day
Of early summer. Let him read who will :

And blame me not, if tardy as the snail
I hardly creep a single mile from home.
It is my humour. Let him speed who will,
And fly like cannon-shot from post to post ;
I love to pause, and quit the public road,
To gain a summit, take a view, or pluck
An unknown blossom. What if I dismount,
And leave my steed to graze the while I sit
Under the pleasant lee, or idly roam
Across the pasture, diligent to mark
What passes next ? 'Tis English blood that flows
Under the azure covert of these veins.
I love my liberty ; and if I sing,
Will sing to please myself, bound by no rule,
The subject of no law.—I cannot think
Praise-worthy excellence is only hit
By servile imitation. In a path
Peculiarly his own great Handel went,
And justly merits our applause, though not
The Homer of his art. In a new course
Went Shakspeare, nobly launching forth ;
And who shall say he has not found perfection,

Though not a Sophocles ? Ye shallow wits,
Who bid us coast it in the learned track,
Nor quit the sight of shore, there is in art
A world unknown, whose treasures only he
Shall spy, and well deserve, who proudly scorns
The second laurel, and exulting steers
Far from the custom'd way. My slender bark
Perchance has rush'd into a boist'rous sea,
Which soon shall overwhelm her : yet I fear
No storms the furious elements can rouse,
And if I fail, shall deem it noble still
To founder in a brave attempt. Once more
The cheerful breeze invites ; I fill my sail,
And scud before it. When the critic starts,
And angrily unties his bags of wind,
Then I lay to, and bid the blast go by.

AT once we rush into the midst of June,
And find Alcanor at the noon of day
Laborious in his garden. The warm sun
Is clouded, and the fluctuating breeze
Calls him from nicer labour, to attend
The vegetable progress. Mark we now
A thousand great effects which spring from toil,
Unsung before. The martial pea observe,
In column square arrang'd, line after line
Successive ; the gay bean, her hindmost ranks
Stript of their blossoms ; the thick-scatter'd bed
Of soporific lettuce ; the green hill
Cover'd with cucumbers. All these my Muse
Disdains not. She can stray well-pleas'd, and pluck
The od'rous leaf of marj'ram, balm, or mint ;
Then smile to think how near the neighbourhood
Of rue and wormwood, in her thoughtful eye
Resembling life, which ever thus brings forth
In quick succession bitter things and sweet.
Nor scorns she to observe the thriving sage,

Which well becomes the garden of a clerk ;
The wholesome camomile, and fragrant thyme.
All these thy pains, Alcanor, propagate,
Support, and feed. Let the big Doctor laugh,
Who only toils to satisfy the calls
Of appetite insatiate, and retires,
Good honest soul, offended at the world,
In pure devotion, to his pipe and bowl,
And whiffs and sleeps his idle hours away.
Yes, let him laugh. A life of labour yields
Sweeter enjoyment than his gouty limbs
Have sense to feel. It gives the body health,
Agility, and strength, and makes it proof
Against the fang of pain. It stays the course
Of prodigal contagion, scares away
The scythe of time, and turns the dart of death :
And hence the mind unwonted force derives ;
Recruited oft by labour, to her work
Strong as a giant she returns, and rolls
Her Sisyphean ball with wond'rous ease
Up to the mountain's top. It is the soul
Of poesy and wit. Then follow still

The happy task, nor scorn to feel, Alcanor,
How passing grateful 'tis to reap the fruits
Of willing toil. The board of industry,
By her own labour frugally supplied,
Gives to her food an admirable zest,
Unknown to indolence, which half asleep
With palateless indifference surveys
The smoaking feast of plenty.

I have stray'd

Wild as the mountain bee, and cull'd a sweet
From ev'ry flow'r that beautify'd my way.
Now shall my serious Muse with solemn tone
Begin her friendly lecture to the fair.

Unwedded maiden, is there yet a man
For wisdom eminent? seek him betimes.
He will not shun thee, though thy frequent foot
Wear out the pavement at his door. Ye fair,
Be sedulous to win the man of sense;
And fly the empty fool. Shame the dull boy,
Who leaves at college what he learn'd at school,

And whips his academic hours away,
Cas'd in unwrinkled buckskin and tight boots,
More studious of his hunter than his books.
O! had ye sense to see what powder'd apes
Ye oft admire, the idle boy for shame
Would lay his racket and his mace aside,
And love his tutor and his desk. Time was
When ev'ry woman was a judge of arms
And military exploit : 'twas an age
Of admirable heroes. And time was
When women dealt in Hebrew, Latin, Greek ;
No dunces then, but all were deeply learn'd.
I do not wish to see the female eye
Waste all its lustre at the midnight lamp ;
I do not wish to see the female cheek
Grow pale with application. Let your care
Be to preserve your beauty ; that secur'd, '
Improve the judgment, that the loving fair
May have an eye to know the man of worth,
And keep secure the jewel of her charms
From him who ill deserves. Let the spruce beau,
'That lean, sweet-scented, and palav'rous fool,

Who talks of honour and his sword, and plucks
The man who dares advise him by the nose ;
That puny thing which hardly crawls about,
Reduc'd by wine and women, yet drinks on,
And vapours loudly o'er his glass, resolv'd
To tell a tale of nothing, and outswear
The northern tempest ; let that fool, I say,
Look for a wife in vain, and live despis'd.

I would that all the fair ones of this isle
Were such as one I knew. Peace to her soul,
She lives no more. And I a genius need
To paint her as she was. Most like, methinks,
That amiable maid the poet drew
With angel pencil, and baptiz'd her Portia.
Happy the man, and happy sure he was,
So wedded. Bless'd with her, he wander'd not
To seek for happiness ; 'twas his at home.
How often have I chain'd my truant tongue,
To hear the music of her sober words !
How often have I wonder'd at the grace
Instruction borrow'd from her eye and cheek !

Surely that maid deserves a monarch's love,
Who bears such rich resources in herself
For her sweet progeny. A mother taught
Entails a blessing on her infant charge
Better than riches ; an unfailing cruse
She leaves behind her, which the faster flows
The more 'tis drawn ; where ev'ry soul may feed,
And nought diminish of the public stock.

Show me a maid so fair in all your ranks,
Ye crowded boarding-schools. Are ye not apt
To taint the infant mind, to point the way
To fashionable folly, strew with flow'rs
The path of vice, and teach the wayward child
Extravagance and pride ? Who learns in you
To be the prudent wife, or pious mother ?
To be her parents' staff, or husband's joy ?
'Tis you dissolve the links that once held fast
Domestic happiness. 'Tis you untie
The matrimonial knot. 'Tis you divide
The parent and his child. Yes, 'tis to you
We owe the ruin of our dearest bliss.

The best instructress for the growing lass
Is she that bare her. Let *her* first be taught,
And we shall see the path of virtue smooth
With often treading. She can best dispense
That frequent medicine the soul requires,
And make it grateful to the tongue of youth,
By mixture of affection. She can charm
When others fail, and leave the work undone.
She will not faint, for she instructs her own.
She will not torture, for she feels herself.
So education thrives, and the sweet maid
Improves in beauty, like the shapeless rock
Under the sculptor's chisel, till at length
She undertakes her progress through the world,
A woman fair and good, as child for parent,
Parent for child, or man for wife, could wish.
Say, man, what more delights thee than the fair ?
What should we not be patient to endure,
If they command ? We rule the noisy world,
But they rule us. Then teach them how to guide,
And hold the rein with judgment. Their applause
May once again restore the quiet reign

Of virtue, love, and peace, and yet bring back
The blush of folly, and the shame of vice.

My lecture ceases—Once again observe
Alcanor in his garden ; not alone,
For Isabel is there. The day declines,
And now the falling sun offends them not.
She rears the fainting flow'r, and feeds its root.
Ye botanists, I cannot talk like you,
And give to ev'ry plant its name and rank,
Taught by Linné ; yet I perceive in all
Or known or unknown, in the garden rais'd,
Or nurtur'd in the hedge-row or the field,
A secret something which delights my eye,
And meliorates my heart. And much I love
To see the fair one bind the straggling pink,
Cheer the sweet rose, the lupin, and the stock,
And lend a staff to the still gadding pea.
I cannot count the number of the stars,
Nor call them by their names, much less relate
What vegetable tribes Alcanor loves,
The fair ones rear. I will not swell my song,

Like you, ye bards of Epopœïan fame,
With the proud list of forces led from Greece,
Or angels tumbled headlong into hell.
Yet let me praise the garden-loving maid,
Who innocently thus concludes the day.
Ye fair, it well becomes you. Better thus
Cheat time away, than at the crowded rout,
Rustling in silk, in a small room close pent,
And heated e'en to fusion ; made to breathe
Fetid, contagious air, and fret at whist,
Or sit aside to sneer and whisper scandal.

In such a silent, cool, and wholesome hour,
The Author of the world from heaven came
To walk in Paradise, well pleas'd to mark
The harmless deeds of new-created man.
And sure the silent, cool, and wholesome hour
May still delight him, our atonement made.
Who knows but as we walk he walks unseen,
And sees and well approves the cheerful task
The fair one loves. He breathes upon the pink,
And gives it odour ; touches the sweet rose,

And makes it glow; beckons the evening dew,
And sheds it on the lupin and the pea :
Then smiles on her, and beautifies her cheek
With gay good humour, happiness, and health.
So all are passing sweet, and the young Eve
Feels all her pains rewarded, all her joys
Perfect and unimpair'd. But who can love,
Of heav'nly temper, to frequent your walks,
Ye fashion-loving belles ? The human soul
Your pestilent amusement hates ; how then
Shall he approve, who cannot look on guilt ?

So day by day Alcanor and the fair
Attend the garden studious, soon as eve
Her cooling odours sheds, and the large sun
Grows dim, and shoots his mellow rays oblique.

Nor these the only pleasures summer yields. -
They often wander at the close of day
Along the shady lane, or through the wood,
To pluck the ruddy strawberry, or smell
The perfum'd breeze that all the fragrance steals

Of honeysuckle, blossom'd beans, or clover ;
Or haply rifles from the new-made rick
The hay's sweet odour, or the sweeter breath
Of farmer's yard, where the still patient cow
Stands o'er the plenteous milk-pail ruminant.
Sometimes they stray at highest noon, when day
His garish eye has veil'd, and idly range
The new-mown pasture, mark the distant forge
Deep in the valley, jutting its low roof
Against the stream, close by the trickling sluice,
And thither turn their steps. I love to see
How hardly some their frugal morsel earn ;
It gives my own a zest, and serves to damp
The longing appetite of discontent.

See, pale and hollow-eyed, in his blue shirt,
Before the scorching furnace, reeking stands
The weary smith. A thund'ring water-wheel
Alternately uplifts his cumbrous pair
Of roaring bellows. He torments the coal,
And stirs the melting ore, till all resolv'd ;
Then with vast forceps seizes the bright mass,

And drags it glowing to the anvil. Eye
Can scarce attend it, so intense the heat.
He bears it all, and with one arm lets free
Th' impatient stream. The heavy wheel uplifts
Slowly, and suddenly lets fall, the loud
And awful hammer, that confounds the ear,
And makes the firm earth tremble. He the block
Shapes, to the blow obsequious; cooler grown,
He stays his floodgate, once again provokes
The dying cinder, and his half-done work
Buries in fire. Again he plucks it forth,
And once more lifts it to the sturdy anvil.
There beaten long, and often turn'd, at length
'Tis done. He bears it hissing to the light,
An iron bar. Behold it well. What is't,
But a just emblem of the lot of virtue?
For in this naughty world she cannot live,
Nor rust contract, nor mingle with alloy.
So the great Judge, to make her worthy heav'n,
Submits her to the furnace and the anvil;
Till molten, bruis'd, and batter'd, she becomes
Spotless and pure, and leaves her dross behind.

Who can repine and think his lot severe,
Who well considers this? The slaving smith,
That wipes his flowing brow so fast, his bread
Earns at the bitter cost, expense of health.
In summer's hottest day he feeds his forge,
And stands expos'd to the distressful fire,
That almost broils him dead. Yet what complaint
Makes he at fortune? He is well content
To toil at his infernal work, and breathe
A torrid atmosphere, to earn at best
Scanty subsistence in this pinching world.
Ye idle rich, consider this, nor aim
At places, pensions, titles, coronets.
Ye lazy clerks, consider this, nor sue
For benefices, canonries, and mitres.
All might inherit ease, would they not long
To fill a braver office, and at times
Look down, and see how hard the drudging poor
Toils for a bare subsistence. Be content,
And happiness shall turn and follow you.
But she is coy as the unwedded maid,
And he that follows her is vex'd in vain,

And may pursue for ever. Let her fly ;
Shy fool, I follow not. If thou relent,
Feast at my board, and be a welcome guest.

So summer glides along, and happy he
Who, like Alcanor, holds occasion fast,
And, duty done, enjoys the summer lounge.

So have I wander'd ere those days were past
Which childhood calls her own. Ah ! happy days,
Days recollection loves, unstain'd with vice,
Why were ye gone so soon ? Did I not joy
To quit my desk, and ramble in the field,
To gather austere berries from the bush,
Or search the coppice for the clust'ring nut ?
Did I not always with a shout applaud
The voice that welcome holiday announc'd ?
Say, you that knew me, you that saw me oft
Shut up my book elate, and dance with glee.
O liberty ! how passing sweet art thou
To him who labours at the constant oar

Sorely reluctant, to the pining boy
Who loves enlargement, and abhors his chain.

So on thy banks too, Isis, have I stray'd,
A tassel'd student. Witness you who shar'd
My morning walk, my ramble at high noon,
My evening voyage, an unskilful sail,
To Godstow bound, or some inferior port,
For strawberries and cream. What have we found
In life's austerer hours, delectable
As the long day so loiter'd? Ye profound
And serious heads, who guard the twin retreats
Of British learning, give the studious boy
His due indulgence. Let him range the field,
Frequent the public walk, and freely pull
The yielding oar. But mark the truant well,
And if he turn aside to vice or folly,
Shew him the rod, and let him feel you prize
The parent's happiness, the public good.
And you, ye thoughtless young, deem it not hard
If sage experience check your wild career,

And disappoint your project. Love the hand
Which steadily corrects, and be not apt
To leave the student's for the jockey's part,
To drink and gamble. Will he thus repay
Parental goodness? Who can wonder then,
The parent's curse on Alma-mater lights,
And the wide world re-echoes with the sound
Of terrible reproach. Forbear, forbear.

Now comes July, and with his fervid noon
Unsinews labour. The swinkt mower sleeps.
The weary maid rakes feebly. The warm swain
Pitches his load reluctant. The faint steer,
Lashing his sides, draws sulkily along
The slow-encumber'd wain. The hedge-row now
Delights, or the still shade of silent lane,
Or cool impending arbour, there to read,
Or talk and laugh, or meditate and sleep.

There let me sit to see the low'ring storm
Collect its dusky horrors, and advance
To bellow sternly in the ear of night ;
To see the Almighty electrician come,
Making the clouds his chariot. Who can stand
When he appears ? The conscious creature flies
And skulks away, afraid to see his God
Charge and recharge his dreadful battery.
For who so pure his lightning might not blast,
And be the messenger of justice ? Who

Can stand expos'd, and to his Judge exclaim,
' My heart is cleansed, turn thy storm away ?'
Fear not, ye fair, who with the naughty world
Have seldom mingled. Mark the rolling storm,
And let me hear you tell, when morning comes,
With what tremendous howl the furious blast
Blew the large show'r in heavy cataract
Against your window ; how the keen, the quick,
And vivid lightning quiver'd on your bed,
And how the deep artillery of heaven
Broke loose, and shook your coward habitation.
Fear not ; for if a life of innocence,
And that which we deem virtue here below,
Can hold the forked bolt, ye may presume
To look and live. Yet be not bold, but shew
Some pious dread, some grave astonishment.
For all our worthy deeds are nothing worth ;
And if the solemn tempest cut us short
In our best hour, we are in debt to heav'n.

The storm subsided, and the day begun,
Who would not walk along the sandy way,

To smell the shower's fragrance, see the sun
With his sheer eye ascend the zenith joyous,
Mark the still-rumbling cloud crowding away
Indignant, and embrace the gentle breeze,
That idly wantons with the dewy leaf,
And shakes the pearly rain-drop to the ground ?
How sweet the incense of reviving flow'rs !
Ye must abroad, ye fair. The angry night
Has done you mischief. Ev'ry plant will need
Your kindly hand to rear its falling head.

Come not St. Swithin with a cloudy face,
Ill-ominous ; for old tradition says,
If Swithin weep, a deluge will ensue,
A forty days of rain. The swain believes,
And blesses sultry Swithin if he smiles,
But curses if he frowns. So boding dames
Teach the fray'd boy a thousand ugly signs,
Which riper judgment cannot shake aside :
And so the path of life is rough indeed,
And the poor fool feels double smart, compell'd
To trudge it barefoot on the naked flint.

For what is judgment and the mind inform'd,
Your Christian armour, Gospel-preparation,
But sandals for the feet, that tread with ease,
Nor feel those harsh asperities of life,
Which ignorance and superstition dread ?
I much admire we ever should complain
That life is sharp and painful, when ourselves
Create the better half of all our woe.
Whom can he blame who shudders at the sight
Of his own candle, and foretels with grief
A winding-sheet ? who starts at the red coal
Which bounces from his fire, and picks it up,
His hair on end, a coffin ? spills his salt,
And dreads disaster ? dreams of pleasant fields,
And smells a corpse ? and ever shuns with care
The unpropitious hour to pare his nails ?
Such fears but ill become a soul that thinks.
Let time bring forth what heavy plagues it will.
Who pain anticipates, that pain feels twice,
And often feels in vain. Yet, though I blame
The man who with too busy eye unfolds
The page of time, and reads his lot amiss,

I can applaud to see the smiling maid
With pretty superstition pluck a rose,
And lay it by till Christmas. I can look
With much complacency on all her arts
To know the future husband. Yes, ye fair,
I deem it good to take from years to come
A loan of happiness. We could not live,
Did we not hope to-morrow would produce
A better lot than we enjoy to-day.
Hope is the dearest med'cine of the soul,
A sweet oblivious antidote, which heals
The better half of all the pains of life.

Now o'er his corn the sturdy farmer looks,
And swells with satisfaction to behold
The plenteous harvest which repays his toil.
We too are gratified, and feel a joy
Inferior but to his, partakers all
Of the rich bounty Providence has strew'd
In plentiful profusion o'er the field.
Tell me, ye fair, Alcanor tell me, what
Is to the eye more cheerful, to the heart

More satisfactive, than to look abroad,
And from the window see the reaper strip,
Look round, and put his sickle to the wheat ?
Or hear the early mower whet his scythe,
And see where he has cut his sounding way,
E'en to the utmost edge of the brown field
Of oats or barley ? What delights us more,
Than studiously to trace the vast effects
Of unabated labour ? to observe
How soon the golden field abounds with sheaves ?
How soon the oat and bearded barley fall,
In frequent lines, before the keen-edg'd scythe ?
The clatt'ring team then comes, the swarthy hind
Down leaps, and doffs his frock alert, and plies
The shining fork. Down to the stubble's edge
The easy wain descends half built, then turns,
And labours up again. From pile to pile
With rustling step the swain proceeds, and still
Bears to the groaning load the well-poiz'd sheaf.
The gleaner follows, and with studious eye
And bended shoulders traverses the field
To cull the scatter'd ear, the perquisite

By heaven's decree assign'd to them who need,
And neither sow nor reap. Ye who have sown,
And reap so plenteously, and find the grange
Too narrow to contain the harvest given,
Be not severe, and grudge the needy poor
So small a portion. Scatter many an ear,
Nor let it grieve you to forget a sheaf,
And overlook the loss. For he who gave
Will bounteously reward the purpos'd wrong
Done to yourselves; nay more, will twice repay
The generous neglect. The field is clear'd;
No sheaf remains; and now the empty wain
A load less honourable waits. Vast toil succeeds,
And still the team retreats, and still returns
To be again full-fraught. Proceed, ye swains,
And make one autumn of your lives, your toil
Still new, your harvest never done. Proceed,
And stay the progress of the falling year,
And let the cheerful valley laugh and sing,
Crown'd with perpetual August. Never faint,
Nor ever let us hear the hearty shout
Sent up to heaven, your annual work complete,

And harvest ended. It may seem to you
The sound of joy, but not of joy to us.
We grieve to think how soon your efforts cease,
How soon the plenteous year resigns her fruits,
And waits the mute approach of surly Winter.

One labour more the cheerful hand awaits ;
Then the glad year is done. We seize with joy
The precious interval, and shape our walk
At early evening down the meadow path ;
Till sunk into the vale, fast by the brook
We spy the blooming hop, and with light heart
The glorious garden enter. Tell me not,
Ye who, in love with wealth, your days consume
Pent up in city stench, and smoke, and filth :
O tell me not of aught magnificent
Or fair as this, in all your public walks.
What are the charms your Ranelagh affords
Compar'd with ours ? Search all your gardens round,
Ye shall not find e'en at your boasted Vaux
A haunt so neat, so elegant as this.
Long let us stray, and frequently repeat

Our ev'ning's homage to the blooming hop.
Spare him, ye swains, pernicious insects spare,
Ye howling tempests, come not near his branch,
But let him hang till I have gaz'd my fill.
Then shall he fall, and his gay honours shed,
And your forbearance plenteously repay
With his abundant gold. Long let us stray,
Enjoy the grateful covert, and admire
The one continued cluster over-head
Of blossoms interwoven, and depending
E'en to the touch and smell. Long let us stray,
And ever as we come to the shorn mead,
And quit the garden with reluctance, then,
When we behold the smiling valley spread
In gay luxuriance far before us, sheep
And oxen grazing, till the eye is stay'd,
The sinuous prospect turning from the view,
And all above us to the left and right,
Enchanting woodland to the topmost hill—
Then let the village bells, as often wont,
Come swelling on the breeze, and to the sun,
Half-set, sing merrily their ev'ning song.

I ask not for the cause—it matters not.
It is enough for me to hear the sound
Of the remote exhilarating peal,
Now dying all away, now faintly heard,
And now with loud and musical relapse
Its mellow changes huddling on the ear.
So have I stood at eve on Isis' banks,
To hear the merry Christ-Church bells rejoice.
So have I sat too in thy honour'd shades,
Distinguish'd Magdalen, on Cherwell's brink,
To hear thy silver Wolsey tones so sweet.
And so too have I paus'd and held my oar,
And suffer'd the slow stream to bear me home,
While Wykeham's peal along the meadow ran.

Now let September and October come,
Twin months of slaughter. Persecution starts,
And ere the dewy day be half awake
Begins her bloody work. The fields are throng'd
With licens'd murderers, who slay for sport.
So when the jealous Herod gave the word,
The cruel ruffian thirsted for the blood
Of helpless innocents. And so the sword,
Another Herod reigning, was let loose
To spill the blood of sleeping Huguenots.
Alcanor joins them not. He envies none
The pleasures of the field, and much admires
To hear the squabble and the loud harangue,
And all for game ; to see the British soul
So puny grown, it quarrels for a feather.
'Tis a mean wretch, and scarce deserves to live,
Who cannot find amusements void of pain.

O undeserving parent, who neglects
To train the infant boy to deeds humane

See how his sports, his pastimes, dearest child,
Are all to be indulg'd, whether he choose
To whip his nurse, to lash the sleeping puppy,
Or pinch the tail of unoffending puss.
Go, catch the surly beetle, and suspend
The harmless pris'ner by the wing or tail,
To make the booby laugh. But if, so loud
His well-deserv'd rebuke, the timid child
Stands off alarm'd, then let him see thee crush
The thing he fears. Or give it liberty,
Not unconstrain'd, as Heav'n bestow'd it. No,
Set the gall'd pris'ner free, but lock his chain
Full-fast about him. Bid him to the field,
But pluck no arrow from his side. He's gone,
And feels that liberty is wondrous sweet,
Though the crook'd pin fast fix'd, and trailing thread,
Admit no remedy. A while he lives—
His thread clings fast—he famishes, and dies.
Go, Tom, a ladder bring, and reach the nest,
'Tis but a chirping sparrow's, and 'twill serve
To pacify the boy. What if the dam
In patient expectation sit, and hope

Another day shall all her cares reward,
And bring to light her helpless progeny ?
Forth from her high maternal office dragg'd
With rude indignity, behold she comes
A joyful victim to the callous boy.
He with delight her ruffled plumes surveys,
Seizes her nest, and the dear charge purloins ;
Then with a frantic laugh down drops the eggs,
And blindfold hops to crush them as he goes.
Ah ! hapless bird, yet happy still, if this
Be all the pain thy cruel foe intends.
Nothing avail'd thy labour of an age
To weave the genial nest, with many a root
And many a straw far-fetch'd ? 'Twas all in vain.
Half-starv'd Grimalkin claims thee for his prey,
And in his cruel paw fast-clutch'd devours
Relentless. Or the boy aware, himself
Cuts short existence, and allots to puss
Only the sever'd head. Hard-hearted lout,
Steel'd executioner, behold the blood
Of parent and of offspring. Burn with shame ;
For thou hast done a deed which Heav'n abhors.

Let the wise parent laugh, to see how well
His looby boy has learn'd to be humane.
Let him applaud the bloody deed, and spare
The well-earn'd rod. In thee, great state,
Eternal glory of the Gentile world,
Just Athens, had the beardless youth presum'd
A deed so villainous, the public arm
Had the mean wretch chastis'd, till it had wak'd
A soul humane and sensible of wrong.
Behold and mark the sturdy fool, at length
Grown up to man, (if such he may be deem'd,
Possessing nothing human but the shape,)
What are his sports? and how delights the dunce
From morn to night to spend the live-long day?
'Can the swarth Ethiopian change his skin?'
Or can the leopard at his will be white,
And lay his spots aside? From morn to eve
See how he toils with generous intent
To be the murd'rer of the tim'rous hare,
To win the brush of Reynard nobly skill'd,
To vex the badger; or with cruel joy
Stoops o'er the cock-pit, eager to behold

The dying struggles of poor Chanticleer.
'Twas nature taught the gen'rous bird to fight,
And drive the bold intruder from his roost,
In care for thee, mean wretch, who hast supply'd
The weapon nature kindly had refus'd,
Or made to strike in vain. Now mark his gait,
When morning hardly dawns, and from the hutch
He lets the full-ear'd pointer loose to range.
Well arm'd is he, within with morning dram,
Without with old surtout, thick shoes, and hose
Of leather, button'd to the buckskin'd knee.
So forth he fares, brave knight ; but first he primes
And crams his musket, then suspends his pouch,
His powder-horn, and whip with whistle tipt,
On his broad shoulders. Let me not forget,
What he might well forget, th' important bag,
To be ere long (for so he thinks) well lin'd
With pheasant, partridge, snipe, or tardy quail.
So mounts the popping Hudibras or stile
Or crackling hedge, or leaps the muddy ditch,
His armour clatt'ring as he goes. I see
Where he has swept the silver dew away

Across the pasture. Now he climbs the gate,
And heys his dog to run the stubble round,
While he stands still, or scarcely moves a pace.
So have I seen the hasty minute-hand
Run round and round, while th' other idly stood,
Or seem'd to stand, and with commanding tone
Bray'd loud to instigate his race again.
Take heed, take heed. With nose infallible
The silent pointer winds toward the game.
Now motionless he stands, one foot lift up,
His nostril wide distended, and his tail
Unwagg'd. Now speed, thou hero of the gun,
And when the sudden covey springs, let fly
And miss them all. O I rejoice to see
When our amusements are so innocent
They give no pain at all. But spare the whip,
And if the wary covey spring too soon,
Let Sancho still be safe ; and let not rage
Prompt thee to stamp upon his guiltless neck
Till the blood issue from his lips and nose :
Much less let fly upon the faithful cur
The volley fate has spar'd, for he is staunch,

And true to thee as thou art false to him.

O thoughtless world, that will not be at pains
To cultivate humanity in youth.

'Tis hence we laugh at woe, and ev'ry day
Unpitied hear the cries of half a world
Vex'd with the galling scourge of slavery.
My eye is cast on Britain's western isles,
And I behold a patient slave grown faint
Under the lash. Inhuman dog, forbear:
The man who now lies bleeding at thy feet
Was once a monarch. To the bloody field
He led a num'rous tribe, attach'd by deeds
Of pure affection to their leader. He
No laws of mutiny had fram'd, nor fear'd
'To see desertion thin his peopled ranks.
Bravely he fought, and hardly would submit,
Surviving only he. Then first he knew
What 'twas to faint, when looking for his friends
He saw them dead and bleeding at his side.
Nor had he then let fall his well-strung bow,
And shook the poison'd quiver from his side,

Were there one arrow left, or still surviv'd
He for whose life and happiness he fought,
His only son. Him reeking in his blood
The hapless monarch saw, and could no more.
Then spare him yet. What if he left his task,
And sought the friendly shade to vent his grief
Yet recent. True, he slept, and at an hour
When industry was busy. 'Twas the call
Of sympathizing nature, that would pour
One balm at least upon his countless wounds.
Poor soul, he slept, and fancy to his mind
Restor'd again the days he once had seen.
Forth from his hut he went, his only son
And wife (now more than widow) by his side.
He tipt his arrow, strung his bow, and shot.
The stricken bird was her's, and her's the deer.
Laden with these, his choicest gifts, he sought
His humble palace once again ; there sat
And ate his plain and temperate repast,
And the too-fleeting hours beguil'd with talk
Of twenty thousand dangerous escapes
From cruel tiger, or more cruel man.

And was this little happiness too much ?
The sword of justice surely will unsheath,
Nor fail in vain upon these guilty isles.
Cross not again the proud Atlantic wave,
With hellish purpose to enslave the free,
Or load the pris'ner with eternal chains,
For he is Man as thou art. Not for thee,
And only thee, did God's creative Word
Call into being this vast work, the world.
Nor yet for thee that Word incarnate shed
His precious blood. Go, cruel tyrant, go,
Reign in the forests of thy native isle,
And let the prowling savage reign in his.
Let him enjoy the little bliss he owns,
Or give him more. Make not his little less,
For Adam was his sire, and Adam thine ;
And he shall share redemption too with thee,
With thee, and me, and all this Gentile world,
If we deserve to rank in brotherhood
With one we wrong so much. Content were he
To tread the burning desert, feel the sun
Dart his fierce rays direct upon his head,

And earn the little plenty his wild state
Affords, with hunter's toil. Content were he
To be an humble pensioner at best
Of the grim lion ; but the cursed hand
Of brutal avarice that peace destroys,
That little peace which the brave lion spares.

September half claps'd, the day returns,
Remember'd oft with awful reverence
And pious love of thee, All-seeing Power,
Who follow'st virtue wheresoe'er she roves,
Her shield and buckler. On the sunny down
Eliza stray'd. Ah ! why alone ? 'Twas so
The tempter vanquish'd Eve ; 'twas so she fell.
She stray'd and mus'd, she pluck'd a flow'r and sung.
She knew no fear, accusom'd oft to range
The pleasant hill, and deeming none less good,
Less honest than herself. But such the world,
We cannot find the place, howe'er remote
From public notice, which escapes the search
Of prying lust. A fierce Hibernian whelp,
Strong as the tiger, subtle as the fox,

Saw and was pleas'd. No bar to him his vow
Made at the altar, to be constant still
To her he wedded there. In his false heart
He fed adult'rous hope, he couch'd and slunk,
And with a leer the solitary down
Survey'd, far as the jealous eye can reach.
So Satan lurk'd, and joy'd to find alone
Ingenuous Eve ; and he his proem tun'd
With flattery and lies, and so didst thou.
Into the heart of Eve his words made way :
Eliza heard not thine. For she had mark'd
And knew her tempter ; she had well observ'd,
Unknown to thee, thy often-practis'd wiles.
What wonder then thy eulogy was vain ?
Thy large account of honour and of wealth
Mov'd only her derision, nor could win
One smile, one kiss, one look of approbation.
Here had thy passion ceas'd, thou might'st at least
Have challeng'd honour with the fiend of Hell.
But foil'd, and still repuls'd, thy hungry soul
Had baser means to dare. Her reason proof,
Thy next resource unmanly violence.

What guilty marks left not thy greedy hand
Upon the fair one's arm ? so mighty thou
To combat virtue, to assail a maid
No match for thee but in so good a cause.
Yet hadst thou vanquish'd, but a power unseen
Approv'd her efforts, and resisted thine.
What saw'st thou, coward, to be put to flight
Swift as the hostile arrow ? Mark my words.
The man of noble purpose nothing daunts,
No, not a falling world. He were compos'd
And stedfast as a rock, though floods of fire
The world and all its fellows swept away,
And he beheld a UNIVERSE IN FLAMES.
Then was the mighty foil'd, the cunning caught :
And yet he blushes not. Accus'd, he starts,
Protests his innocence, appeals to justice,
Unlocks the copious fountain of his eye,
And who can say it is not strange and piteous ?
Yet why decays his honour, spite of tears,
Of protestations and appeals, of threats,
And public insolence ? Ah me ! I fear
Eliza may forgive thee, but in vain ;

And though insulted Justice slumber here,
She will arraign thee at the bar of Heaven,
And, spite of Charity, the wrong repay.

Now comes the happy morning long desir'd
By rural lads and lasses. Light appears.
The swain is ready in his Sunday frock,
And calls on Nell to trip it to the fair.
The village bells are up, and jangling loud
Proclaim the holiday. The clam'rous drum
Calls to the puppet-show. The groaning horn
And twanging trumpet speak the sale begun,
Of articles most rare and cheap. Dogs bark,
Boys shout, and the grave Doctor mounts sublime
His crowded scaffold, struts, and makes a speech,
Maintains the virtue of his salve for corns,
His worm-cake and his pills, puffs his known art,
And shews his kettle, silver knives and forks,
Ladle and cream-pot, and, to crown the bait,
The splendid tankard. Andrew grins, and courts
The gaping multitude, till Tom and Sue
And Abigail and Ned their shoulders shrug,

And laugh and whisper, and resolve to sport
The solitary shilling. Simple swains.
And silly maids, you laugh, but Andrew wins :
And what for you but sorrow and remorse,
Or box of salve to plaister disappointment ?
Unless the smart of folly may be sooth'd
By Andrew's cheerful pranks, the dancing girl,
And frolic tumbler. Now the street is fill'd
With stalls and booths for gingerbread and beer,
Rear'd by enchantment, finish'd in a trice.
Amusements here for children old and young ;
For little master's pence, a coach, a drum,
A horse, a wife, a trumpet ; dolls for miss,
Fans, cups and saucers, kettles, maids and churns.
For idle school-boys Punchinello rants,
The juggler shuffles, and the artful dame
Extends her lucky-bag. For infants tall,
Of twenty years and upwards, rueful games,
To whirl the horse-shoe, bowl at the nine pins,
Game at the dial-plate, drink beer and gin,
Vapour and swear, cudgel, get drunk and fight.
'Then comes the ass-race. Let not wisdom frown,

If the grave clerk look on, and now and then
Bestow a smile ; for we may see, Alcanor,
In this untoward race the ways of life.
Are we not asses all? We start and run,
And eagerly we press to pass the goal,
And all to win a bauble, a lac'd hat.
Was not great Wolsey such? He ran the race,
And won the hat. What ranting politician,
What prating lawyer, what ambitious clerk,
But is an ass that gallops for a hat?
For what do Princes strive, but golden hats?
For diadems, whose bare and scanty brims
Will hardly keep the sun-beam from their eyes.
For what do Poets strive? a leafy hat,
Without or crown or brim, which hardly screens
The empty noddle from the fist of scorn,
Much less repels the critic's thund'ring arm.
And here and there intoxication too
Concludes the race. Who wins the hat, gets drunk.
Who wins a laurel, mitre, cap, or crown,
Is drunk as he. So Alexander fell,
So Haman, Cæsar, Spenser, Wolsey, James.

Now chilly ev'ning, in her grey coat clad,
Advances from the east, and puts to flight
The rear of day, girt with a zone of stars.
The busy fair is ended. The rank booth
Expels its beastly habitant the mob,
And Andrew's laughable conceit is hush'd.
Home reels the drunken clown, or stays to fight,
Nothing the cause, yet honour much concern'd.
Confusion reigns, uproar and loud misrule ;
Distinctions cease, and still the oath, the scream,
The shout, the hoot, disturb the midnight ear
Of sober Cloe gone to bed betimes.

Ah me ! the golden year is fled. Behold
Gloomy and sad November, with a brow
Severe and clouded. Scarce a leaf sustains
His pestilential blast. The woods are stript,
And all their honours scatter'd in the vale.
Th' ambassador of surly Winter he,
And in his hand he bears the nipping frost.
Before his tyrant lord he scatters sleet,
And with a hideous frown bids Autumn speed,
And after her runs howling through the land.
The field has lost its verdure. All the pride
Of the sweet garden fades. Where now the rose,
The lupin, aster, balsam, or carnation ?
Or where the lily with her snowy bells ?
Where the gay jasmin, odorous syringa,
Graceful laburnum, or bloom-clad arbut ?
Or if we stray, where now the summer's walk
So still and peaceable at early eve,
Along the shady lane, or through the wood,
To pluck the ruddy strawberry, or smell

The perfum'd breeze that all the fragrance stole
Of honey-suckle, blossom'd beans, or clover?
Where now the blush of Spring, and the long day
Beloiter'd? cheerful May, that fill'd the woods
With music, scatter'd the green vale with flow'rs,
And hung a smile of universal joy
Upon the cheek of nature? Where blooms now
The king-cup or the daisy? Where inclines
The harebell or the cowslip? Where looks gay
The vernal furze with golden baskets hung?
Where captivates the sky-blue periwinkle
Under the cottage-eaves? Where waves the leaf,
Or rings with harmony the merry vale?
Day's harbinger no song performs, no song
Or solo anthem deigns sweet Philomel.
The golden wood-pecker laughs loud no more.
The pye no longer prates; no longer scolds
The saucy jay. Who sees the goldfinch now
The feather'd groundsel pluck, or hears him sing
In bower of apple blossoms perch'd? Who sees
The chimney-haunting swallow skim the pool,
And quaintly dip, or hears his early song

Twitter'd to dawning day ? All, all are hush'd.
The very bee her merry toil foregoes,
Nor seeks her nectar, to be sought in vain.
Only the solitary robin sings,
And perch'd aloft with melancholy note
Chants out the dirge of Autumn ; cheerless bird,
That loves the brown and desolated scene,
And scanty fare of Winter. Let me weep
With you, ye Muses, and with you, ye fair,
Chief mourner at the grave of her we love,
Expiring nature. For ye sought with me
The sober twilight of the shelving wood,
With me forsook the glare of sultry day,
To tread the serious gloom Religion loves,
And where she smiles and wipes her dewy eye,
With meditation walking hand in hand.
Ye too have lov'd and heartily approv'd
The winding foot-path, and its sudden curve,
And swarded wain-way like cathedral aisle—
And heard me comment on the leaf, the branch,
The arm, the girth of the paternal oak.
Ye too have lov'd the long frequented brow,

Which ever unexpectedly displays
The clear cerulean prospect of the vale.
Oft have ye stood upon the shaggy brink
Of yonder wood-clad hill, to gaze with me
Athwart the wide and far-extended view,
Which ocean skirts or blue downs indistinct.
Oft have ye look'd with transport pure as mine
Into the flow'ry dell. But ah ! no more
We wander heedless ; Winter's wind forbids.
The piercing cold commands us shut the door,
And rouse the cheerful hearth ; for at the heels
Of dark November, comes with arrowy scourge
The tyrannous December. Joyless now
The morning sun scarce seen, and clouded eve.
No genial influence sheds noon, eclips'd.
Sad scenes ensue ; brief days, and blust'ring nights,
And snows, such as the winter-loving Muse
Of Cowper paints well pleas'd, and such as mine
Views not unsatisfied. For though without
Bleak winds and pinching frosts, within is joy,
And harmony, and peace.

Say, Muse, how pass
The frozen hours of Winter, the lone eve,
The gloomy morn, the cold and cheerless day,
At the lone mansion that invests the fair,
And VILLAGE CURATE. Genins there unfolds
Her quick impassion'd page; and Nature there
And art their secret treasures all display.
There dance the jocund maids of Memory
In everlasting round. Heroic Song
Her swelling act proclaims, and Eloquence
Flows with her smooth and even tide along,
Transported History the fame records
Of ages past and gone, and, nothing vex'd
Or wearied with her long exact account,
O'erleaps the boundaries of present time,
And, led by Prophecy, extends her tale,
Fondly perhaps, to the world's consummation.
Then Music cheers, and sympathetic sounds
Make smooth the way for serious Tragedy :
Then dialogue and high dispute, the song,
The dance, the hearty laugh, and flippan't wit
Of merry Comedy. Urania then

Points to the starry firmament, or moon
Eclips'd, and holds attention mute, the while
With moving finger she describes the course
Of planetary stars, or with sweet voice
Tells whither she led up her heav'nly bard
To visit light, and draw empyreal air ;
Or whither Newton, more than mortal then,
When, musing as he sat, she shook the tree,
And dropt an apple, and her studious child
Caught up to heav'n. 'Tis pleasant to remark
How early genius plumes her for the flight,
And tries her short excursions, fearful yet,
And little on her wing confiding, now
Full-fledg'd and dauntless, soaring to the clouds,
And peering in the eye of heav'n itself.
Sagacious Newton, let me muse with thee,
And wonder at thy quick and piercing eye
Cleans'd of its mortal film. Who does not wish
Like thee to penetrate the dark abode
Of clouded mystery, and in his word
And works unfold the fearful Deity ?

But not at Newton only to admire,
Ye studious fair, we love, but sometimes laugh
At Brahe and Descartes ; praise the strong eye
Of Galileo, and applaud the speed
Of holy Wilkins, posting like a witch
Upon a restive broom-stick to the moon.

And sometimes thee, ingenious Boyle, we hear,
Maintaining truth and sifting nature ; thee
Sometimes, whose patriotic genius foil'd
Assailant Rome, and almost sav'd the state
Of falling Syracuse : then travel round
The universal globe, at ev'ry shore
Taking large draughts of story and of song.
But chiefly thee we love majestic Britain,
Wedded to Neptune, and thy thund'ring fleets
Follow exulting to the hostile shore ;
Now bear thee company to furthest Ind,
Or to the frozen pole, or round the cape
Of utmost Horn, with philosophic touch
Converting dross to gold : now disembark,
And march with Harry to the heart of France,

And beard the wordy Monarch on his throne.
And now we follow to the cannon's mouth
Tremendous Marlborough ; or stand by, and see
The living Elliot scare his foe to death
With everlasting show'r of burning hail.
And many more we praise, and some accuse
Whose names and deeds my speedy muse sings not.

And now morality we love, and truth,
And serious argument, and grave debate ;
What Mede or Newton with prophetic eye
Divine, what Hales or Tillotson advise.
Anon we smile with zealous Latimer,
Or silent Addison, then range at large
Cervantes, Sidney, Bacon, Fenelon,
And twenty thousand more choice wits and rare.

But chiefly thee, immortal Shakspeare, thee
We love and honour, Nature's darling child,
And still we court thy Muse, and still applaud,
Whether the gentle Portia tread the stage
With bloody Shylock, or Vincentio wed

The virtuous Isabel. Whether thy fays
Dance to the moon, or Prospero dispatch
His sight-outrunning Ariel to the deep,
The while the generous Miranda cheers
Her fainting Ferdinand. Whether the Duke
And gloomy Jaques confer, and Rosalind
Laugh at her sighing lover in disguise ;
Or smiling Perdita come tripping forth
With mint and marj'ram, rosemary and rue :
Or Viola, that never told her love,
But let concealment like a worn i' th' bud
Feed on her damask cheek. With hearty laugh
We still dismiss the still outwitted rogue,
But still pretending Falstaff. Then we trace
With terror and applause the bloody deeds
Of civil rage, and full of horror see
Thy mailed Mars upon his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood ; the fatal cause
Aspiring Bolingbroke. Thence wrath ensued,
And frequent bickering, and stedfast hate.
The lie resounded, and the gauntlet fell,
And ev'ry tongue cried traitor. To the field

They rush'd insane, and ev'ry blade drank blood.
So Percy fell, and old Northumberland,
Three Dukes of Somerset three-fold renown'd,
Two Cliffords, virtuous Humphry, Suffolk, York.
So Montague and Warwick, two brave bears,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Then comes despotic Richard, in thy lines,
Great bard, supremely horrible, his eye
Still bent on murder, tho' his blunted sword
Is dull with use, and his destructive arm
Claims respite, wearied. Wolsey then laments
Unstable fortune, and the favour lost
Of fickle Harry, and we too lament.
Now pitied and applauded, Timon raves ;
And lofty Coriolanus scorns the shout
Of popular applause, thence basely doom'd
To banishment and death. Then Brutus strikes,
And bleeding Julius, looking for his friend,
Dies by his hand. In hurly-burly then,
By ghosts and witches circled round, Macbeth
In fiery storm stalks by, with tim'rous eye

And fretful conscience, shunning the decree
Of blood for blood. Then Imogen delights,
And eagerly we trace th' eventful scene,
Till all winds up into a happy close.
Not such the fortune of afflicted Lear
And poor Cordelia, of thy injur'd wife
Jealous Othello, of the maid distraught
Ophelia, or thy bride that slept with death,
Too hasty Romeo. Yet these delight,
And in their dread catastrophe dispense
Wholesome correction to the bleeding heart.

The Poet silent, long with rapture heard,
The Shakspeare of another art succeeds.
Sweet Music wakes, and with Orphéan air
Handel begins. What mortal is not rapt
To hear his tender wildly-warbled song,
Whate'er the theme, but chiefly when he sings
Messiah come, and with amazing shout
Proclaims him King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
For ever and for ever. Hallelujah.
Great soul, O say from what immortal fount

Thou hast deriv'd such never-failing power
To win the soul, and bear it on the wings
Of purest ecstasy, beyond the reach
Of ev'ry human care. From whence thine art
To lift us from the earth, and fix us there
Where pure devotion with unsparing hand
Pours on the altar of the living God
The hallow'd incense of the grateful heart ?
O mighty Handel, what seraphic power
Gave inspiration to thy sacred song ?
Thyself perchance wast some supernal spirit,
Permitted to reside on earth awhile,
To teach us here what music is in heaven.
If ev'ry Angel that attends the throne
Of clouded Deity such song inspire,
Let but our mortal ears one chorus hear,
And all the world were gather'd into Heav'n.
The very Devils surely were drawn up
To listen at the golden doors of light,
And Hell left wasteful, wide, and desolate.

Corelli, sweet harmonious bird, thee too

We hear delighted, and thy mellow strains
Deem no mean recompense for the lost song
Of lark and nightingale. Thy air repeat,
And let judicious discord still commend
Triumphant harmony, till Winter's self
Be won like us, and smooth his rugged brow,
And all his hours enchanted fleet away,
Soft as his fur, and quiet as his snow.

And oft we feel the soul-subduing power
Of vocal harmony, breath'd softly forth
And gently swell'd accordant, without aid
Of quaint embellishment, save only such
As Nature dictates, and without design
Lets fall with ease in her impassion'd mood.
Then serious glee and elegy delight,
Or pious anthem, such as Croft inspires,
Or graver Purcel, or endearing Clark.
The noble harmonies of Brewer, Este,
Webbe, Baildon, Ravenscroft, we hear
With ever new delight. Brisk canzonet
Then pleases, gay duet, or Highland air

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Divinely warbled, and with cadence sweet
And tender pause prolong'd by one we love,
Spontaneous and unask'd. And oft the soul
With patriotic ardour glows, and pants
For glory, honour, and immortal deeds,
Transported at the sound of martial strains
With sudden burst commenc'd, and moving slow
With solemn grandeur and majestic pomp
To an obstreperous rebounding close.

But who shall tell in simple strain like mine
The many shapes that Music, Proteus-like,
Puts on, with grateful change of subject, time,
Contrivance, mood, soothing the captive ear,
And filling the rapt soul with fare so sweet
That still it feeds and hungers. Mortal voice
Shall ill relate with what harmonious art
She fashions pleasure to the various mind.
What wonder then the sulky wheels of time
Fly glibly round, the drowsy pendulum
Foregoes his old vexatious click unheeded,
And the shrill-sounding bell proclaims apace

The brief accomplish'd hours. By Music won,
Decrepit Time forgets his annual gout,
Renews his dance, and with a noiseless foot
Hies speedily away.

I have not told,
How oft we listen to the musty song
Of ancient bards, nor think we need excuse
To honour merit in her home-spun suit.
And chiefly we esteem thy fairy song,
Immortal Spenser, in rude guise yclad.
Then the fierce knight advances o'er the plain,
Drad for his derring do and bloody deed.
And now the combat 'gins, and cruel arms
The recreant knight o'erwhelm in uncouth fray.
The castle falls, and many a maid is won,
And many a maid is lost through dire mishap.

Then comes a troop in gilded uniform,
The goodly band Johnsonian. Cowley first,
Poetic child, whose philosophic muse
Distracts, delights, torments, and captivates.

Let me attend, when, from the world retir'd,
He turn'd his restive Pegasus to graze,
And thought, and wrote, sedate and sober prose.
Comes Milton next, that like his wakeful bird
Sings darkling, sings and mourns his eye-sight lost,
And nightly wanders to the Muses' haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; to us
Displaying nature, and the blissful scenes
Of Paradise, though not to him returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.
Sweet bard, that bears us softly now, and, smooth
As that unwrinkled flood that slowly winds
By Windsor's haughty tow'rs, and visits shores
Divinely various—rushes now, and leaps,
Confounding sense, immeasurable depth,
A foaming cataract, whose thund'ring fall
Disorders hell, and utmost earth and heav'n.
Comes Butler then, incomparable wit,
And not to be reprov'd, save when his muse

Decorum overleaps, and here and there
Bolts the coarse jest, to the chaste eye and ear
Offensive ; for behind the comic mask
We find the scholar and the man of sense,
The friend of virtue, and the foe of vice.
Then follows courtly Waller, and in vain
On Amoret or Saccharissa calls,
With budget full of trifles, birth-day odes,
Congratulations, songs, and compliments,
And mythologic tales. Then Denham charms,
And from his own Parnassus, Cooper's Hill,
Sings the wide prospect that extended lies
Under his proud survey. Then Sprat. And then
Roscommon fills with elegant remark,
His verse as elegant ; unspotted lines
Flow from a mind unspotted as themselves.
Then Wilmot tunes his reed, and in his song
Gives early specimen of genius, rare
And prone to excellence. But ah ! how vain
Poetic hopes ! The prime of life is lost,
His talent wasted, and the giddy fool
Grows old in pleasure, and denies his God.

The grave in view, a holy friend his guide,
He views his conduct with remorse, repents,
Acknowledges his fault, curses the wit
Of erring man that so outwits itself,
And dies, a martyr to the pains of vice.
Then Yalden sings, and fills us with delight,
His harp so tun'd, that as the morning breaks
It breathes spontaneous rapture, and again
At ev'ning close with solemn eulogy
Welcomes the reign of night. With dewy eye
But harlot tear, then Otway's muse begins,
And charms who hears her with her Syren air;
To decency, alas, no friend, to vice
No enemy. His Celia then proclaims
Enamour'd Duke, at Floriana's grave
Sweet lamentation chanting. Dorset then
Hums nobly liberal, and hums too much,
Scarce heard an hour. Chaste Montague succeeds,
Stepney less pure, and Walsh with feeble wing
Half flying, half on foot. Then comes a bard,
Worn out and pennyless, and poet still
Though bent with years, and in impetuous rhyme

Pours out his unexhausted song. What muse
So flexible, so generous as thine,
Immortal Dryden. From her copious fount
Large draughts he took, and unbecoming song
Inebriated sang. Who does not grieve,
To hear the foul and insolent rebuke
Of angry satire from a bard so rare ?
To trace the lubricous and oily course
Of abject adulation, the lewd line
Of shameless vice, from page to page, and find
The judgment brib'd, the heart unprincipled,
And only loyal at th' expence of truth,
Of justice, and of virtue ? Meaner strain
The dapper wit commends of sprightly Garth.
We smile to see fantastic Poetry
Shake hands with Physic, and with grave burlesque
Arrange his gallipots, and gild his pills ;
Then march in dreadful armour to the field,
To screen her new ally from hostile shocks,
With pestle truncheon, Cloacinian helm,
And levell'd squirt. Then heartily we laugh
With laughter-loving King, and much applaud

That vein of mirth which, innocent and clear,
In silver neatness flows. Young Philips then,
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire,
Sings gravely jocund. Dismal rag applauds,
With sympathetic ardour touch'd, at sound
Of tatter'd galligaskins, college duns,
And subtle catchpole. Modest Pomfret then,
To soar aloft unable, with light wing
Above the plain scarce elevated skims,
A short and feeble flight. So have I seen
The spaniel-hunted quail with lowly wing
Shear the smooth air : and so too have I heard
That she can sweetly clamour, though compell'd
To tread the humble vale, nor ever mount
High as the ev'ning swift or morning lark.
Then blameless Hughes, in union with Pepusch,
Still to the eloquent orchestra tunes
His virtuous, unmeaning song. And now,
In tones that might attract an angel's ear,
Flows the smooth strain of righteous Addison.
Then Blackmore *says* an everlasting tale,

Bless'd with a callous muse. Genius in vain
Laughs at the fond attempt, for still he bawls,
And with gigantic dissonance subdues
The universal hiss. No poet—true—
But mark the man, and you shall find him good.
And what's the poet if the man be naught?
Let Buckingham reply. Genius and wit
May flourish for a day, and snatch the wreath
From awkward probity; but soon shall fade
The ready laurels of a vicious muse,
While amaranthine honours crown the brow
Of unpoetic virtue. Waller's muse
In courteous Granville lives, in Granville dies.
Who can refuse applause to tragic Rowe?
Who can withhold his honest praise from thee,
Tickel, thou friend of Addison, and virtue?
Who is not startled at the fertile wit
Of beardless Congreve? and who does not grieve
That 'twas not drawn in the defence of virtue?
How sweet the music of thy happy lines,
Poetic Prior; full of mirth thy muse,
And exquisite her jest. Ah! hear it not,

Ye sober fair, for fulsome is the tale,
And only fit for the distemper'd ear
Of jovial libertines. His graver song
Applaud' unsatisfied, and ever laugh
To see him mount his furious Pegasus
Pindaric, often back'd, but back'd in vain,
And never to be tam'd by crazy wits.
'Twas an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse,
' And flung his rider if he sat not sure,'
Dan Cowley said. Yet up sprung Mat, resolv'd.
O'er sea and land with an unbounded loose
Runs the mad steed, a Gilpin race I ween.
Hardly the muse can sit the head-strong horse.
See, now she gallops round the Belgic shore,
Now through the raging ocean ploughs her way,
To rough Ierne's camps; there sounds alarms,
In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme,
And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce flood.
Back to his Albion then, then with stiff wing
East, over Danube and Propontis' shores,
From the Mæotis to the northern sea,
To visit the young Muscovite; thence up,

Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere,
And ask for William an Olympic crown.
Till, lost in tractless fields of shining day,
Unhors'd, and all revers'd, down, down she comes,
Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down.
Glorious attempt, but not unhappy fate.
'Twas lucky, Mat, thou had'st not giv'n a name
To some Icarian gulf, or shook at least
The carnal man so sore, that he had limp'd,
And lamely hobbled to the verge of life ;
But, thanks to fate, thy pace is even yet,
And happily the Muse her mirthful song
In durance vile prolongs. So have I heard
The captive finch, in narrow cage confin'd,
Charm all his woe away with cheerful song,
Which might have melted e'en a heart of steel
To give him liberty. Hence, hence, away
Ye meaner wits, hide your diminish'd heads,
See genius self approaches. Homer's soul
A puny child informs. Let envy laugh
To see an urchin ugly as herself
'The glory of our isle. For thee, great bard,

We twine the laurel wreath, and grant it thine
Thrice-won. Shall any mortal tongue presume
To scatter censure on thy charming page?
Hark, 'tis the din of twenty thousand curs
Who bark at excellence. Who best deserves
Must feel the scourge of infinite abuse,
For man to man is fiercer than the wolf,
More cruel than the tiger. Who can brook
The sight of aught more worthy than himself?
Invite an angel from the courts of heav'n,
Our critic eye shall spy a thousand faults
Where not a fault exists. Mistake me not,
I name not thee an angel, haughty bard,
Thy deeds were human. With an honest heart
I love the poet, but detest the man.
Thy purer lays what mortal can despise,
Thy baser song what mortal can approve,
Thou witty, dirty, patriotic Dean?
Laugh on, laugh on. With pencil exquisite
Picture the features of encourag'd vice,
And fashionable folly. Give the fair,
The peerless Stelia, everlasting worth,

Deride thy narrow paper-sparing friend;
And gall the great. But why shall thy sweet Muse
Turn scavenger, and the foul kennel rake
For themes and similes? What heart but grieves,
To find an equal portion in thy song
Of elegantly fair and grossly foul?
Now honest Gay, a city shepherd, sings,
Nor sings in vain to us. In Arcady
We love to stray, and dream of happy days
No eye has seen, no heart has felt. We love
The land of Fairy, and the puny deeds
Of dapper elves. Whate'er the frantic poet
In his wild mood imagines, we applaud.
Nor wholly scorn with Gay or Broom to stray,
Or Ambrose Philips, through enchanted land
To painted meadows, flow'ry lawns and hills,
To crystal floods, cool groves, and shady bow'rs,
And rills that babble, tinkle, purl, and murmur.
How sweet the song that from thy mellow pipe,
Dear Parnel, flow'd. Death overheard amaz'd,
And his stone couch forsook, all wonder now,
And now all envy. Sure he thought no bard

Of mortal mixture could such tones create ;
Or if of mortal mixture he had liv'd
Double the days of man, and stol'n from years
Due to the reign of silence and of death,
Song so divine. With the bad thought possess'd,
He keen'd his arrow on a flint, advanc'd,
And threw it greedily, his lipless jaws
Gnashing with hate. So fell betimes the bard,
So triumph'd death, and at the bloody deed
Shook his lean bones with laughter. Cursed fiend,
Thou bane of excellence, go hence, and laugh ;
Yet shall the pious poet sing again,
And thou shalt hear, and with eternal wrath,
Ay burning, dance with agony, and gnaw,
Howling for pain, the adamant gate
Of treble-bolted Hell.

Away, kind bards ;
Enough of you, nor shall your song beguile
One moment more ; for see again sweet Spring
Laughs at our window, and with rosy hand
Shews the full blossom and the budded leaf.

Away, away. Some wintry day be thine,
Descriptive Thomson; some December night,
Thine, pious Young; some melancholy morn,
In wat'ry fog involv'd, thine orphan Savage.
Be thou our close companion, Shenstone, thou,
Sweet bard of Hagley, in the hawthorn shade
Some weary Summer's noon. Be thou our guest,
Impetuous Akenside, some gloomy eve,
When the red lightning scarce begins to glare,
And the mute thunder hardly deigns to growl.
Rais'd by thy torrent song, we shall enjoy
The loud increasing horrors of the storm,
Awfully grand. At such a time thee too,
Rapt in ferocious ecstasy, we call,
Terrific Gray, to sweep thy sullen lyre,
And give to madness the distracted soul.
Repose at leisure, ye inferior bards,
Till Summer's beauty flies, and the green wood
Scatters her recent honours to the breeze.

So have I gayly sung the man how bless'd,
The VILLAGE CURATE; weaving in my song

Your praise, ye fair, and many an honest thought
Which unsolicited demanded room.

I care not if no eye this page peruse ;

I sung with pleasure, and I cease with joy.

I sing no more, and blame him not who sleeps,

Careless what I, enamour'd of the vale

And hilly woodland, have so vainly sung.

For popular applause, I ask it not.

True, noble Critic, it were ill deserv'd,

By this rude song obtain'd. Yet I not fear,

Ere the short tale of my existence close,

Some happy strain on my time-mellow'd harp

To hit, these woods may well remember. Yes,

Some happy strain, by chance, I hope to hit,

If yet the Muses love thy fam'd retreat,

O Sidney, or thy Spenser's early song ;

If yet the walks where love-sick Waller mus'd,

If yet immortal Saccharissa's haunt

Delight them, and sweet Amoret's abode.

ADRIANO,
OR
THE FIRST OF JUNE.

...nequ. adhuc Varo videor nec dicere Cinna
Digna, sed argutos inter strepere auser olores.

VIRG.

ADRIANO,

OR

THE FIRST OF JUNE.

FAR in the bosom of an ancient wood,
Whose frowning oaks in a deep valley grew
Between two lofty cliffs, and to the sea
Stretch'd out their broad impenetrable shade,
There stood a cottage. 'Twas the lone abode
Of Adriano, and his only child
Maria. Here had they been lost, till time
Had hurried to oblivion twenty years.
'Twas all his care to nourish her, all her's
To cherish him. He taught her to be good,
To love retirement and the quiet cell,
And shield her virtue from the sight of men.
She heard and heeded, and no pleasure knew

Apart from solitude and Adriano.
Her only walk without him and alone
Was to a village near, to purchase food,
Or what domestic want might further need,
And her own industry could ill supply :
And ever as she jocund tripp'd it home,
Her osier basket dangling on her arm,
And Frisk behind her barking at her heels,
She met her sire in tears. Constant was he
To meet his child returning, and his tears
As duly shed. Oft had she ask'd the cause,
But ask'd in vain ; till one fair summer's eve
(The last that follow'd in the train of May)
She urg'd her suit once more, and not in vain.
He smil'd, and told her he had things to tell
Would wake attention in the senseless rock.
' To-morrow, child, 'tis one-and-twenty years
Since to this wretched world thy mother bare thee ;
And, as I oft have told thee weeping, died.
She was—I cannot say how good—God knows.
I could have borne the loss. For though she died
To me and thee, she liv'd to peace and Heav'n.

Such virtue could not perish, but be sure
Is as the heav'ns eternal, and shall die
Never. Yes, yes, I could have borne the loss,
And thought it much to have thee left behind
Helpless and ever-crying. 'Twas enough.
I might have train'd thee to thy mother's virtue,
And, satisfied to see her live again
In a deserving daughter, have gone down
In humble quiet to my grave ; secure
That hungry penury should never haunt
And tempt thy goodness. For I had, my child,
Enough of Fortune's bounty to supply
My ev'ry want, and something for the hand
Of the lean beggar, who now shuns my door,
Or asks in vain. I had, my child, enough ;
And would I had it still. For when swift time
Has counted all my days, and these grey locks
Are call'd to shelter in the silent grave ;
When this resulting heart shall cease to beat,
And this warm hand that now encloses thine
Be cold and lifeless, how shall thy poor self
Escape the lion-tooth of craving want ?

Who will protect thee from the winning ba :
Of greedy lust? Who clothe these tender lambs?
Who give thee food?

He said, and said no more ;
For grief was swelling in Maria's heart,
And the big tear stole trembling from her eye.
She hung her head, and look'd upon the ground
To hide it ; but the gen'rous parent saw,
And caught her in his arms. ' Fear not, my child ;
Let us wipe off these unbecoming tears,
And cease to sigh and sob : for He who clothes
The lilies of the field, shall clothe thee too.
He who protects the little chirping bird,
Hiding her nest in foliage, and her young
Feeding with plenty, shall protect my child ;
Shall keep her as the apple of an eye,
Shall feed her, shall invite her to his arms,
Shall shield her with his wings. Thou shalt be safe
Under his downy pinions. Thou shalt fear
By night no terror, and no storm by day :
His own eternal armour shall be thine :

The lurking adder shall not hurt thy foot :
Sorrow and sickness shall not vex thy heart.'

He said, and led her to the cottage door,
Dispos'd the basket, comforted and kiss'd her.
Then to the garden bow'r together both,
Link'd arm in arm, proceeded. There they sat,
And he his melancholy tale rehears'd,
And she was all attention. He began,
And told her of his youth and boyish days
Till manhood came, his aged parents died,
And he, a sighing lover, sought a wife.
Twice was he wedded, and his former love
Bore him a son, the cause of all his woe.
He train'd him, as he thought, to deeds of praise ;
He taught him virtue, and he taught him truth,
And sent him early to a public school.
Here, as it seem'd, (but he had none to blame)
Virtue forsook him, and habitual vice
Grew in her stead. He laugh'd at honesty,
Became a sceptic, and could raise a doubt
E'en of his father's truth. 'Twas idly done

To tell him of another world, for wits
Knew better ; and the only good on earth
Was pleasure ; not to follow *that* was sin.
‘ Sure he that made us, made us to enjoy ;
And why,’ said he, ‘ should my fond father prate
Of virtue and religion. They afford
No joys, and would abridge the scanty few
Of nature. Nature be my deity,
Her let me worship, as herself enjoins,
At the full board of plenty.’ Thoughtless boy !
So to a libertine he grew, a wit,
A man of honour ; boastful empty names
That dignify the villain. Seldom seen,
And when at home, under a cautious mask
Concealing the lewd soul, his father thought
He grew in wisdom as he grew in years.
He fondly deem’d he could perceive the growth
Of goodness and of learning shooting up,
Like the young offspring of the shelter’d hop,
Unusual progress in a summer’s night.
He call’d him home, with great applause dismiss’d
By his glad tutors—gave him good advice—

Bless'd him, and bade him prosper. With warm heart
He drew his purse-strings, and the utmost doit
Pour'd in the youngster's palm. ' Away,' he cries,
' Go to the seat of learning, boy. Be good,
Be wise, be frugal, for 'tis all I can.'
' I will,' said Toby, as he bang'd the door,
And wink'd, and snapp'd his finger, ' Sir, I will '

So joyful he to Alma Mater went
A sturdy fresh-man. See him just arriv'd,
Receiv'd, matriculated, and resolv'd
To drown his freshness in a pipe of port.
' Quick, Mr. Vintner, twenty dozen more ;
Some claret too. Here's to our friends at home.
There let 'em doze. Be it our nobler aim
To live—where stands the bottle?' Then to town
Hies the gay spark for futile purposes,
And deeds my bashful muse disdains to name.
From town to college, till a fresh supply
Sends him again from college up to town.
The tedious interval the mace and cue,
The tennis-court and racket, the slow lounge

From street to street, the badger-hunt, the race,
The raffle, the excursion, and the dance,
Ices and soups, dice, and the bet at whist,
Serve well enough to fill. Grievous accounts
The weekly post to the vex'd parent brings
Of college impositions, heavy dues,
Demands enormous, which the wicked son
Declares he does his utmost to prevent.
So, blaming with good cause the vast expence,
Bill after bill he sends, and pens the draught
Till the full ink-horn fails. With grateful heart
Toby receives, short leave of absence begs,
Obtains it by a lie, gallops away,
And no one knows what charming things are done,
Till the gull'd boy returns without his pence,
And prates of deeds unworthy of a brute.
Vile deeds, but such as in these polish'd days
None blames or hides.

So Toby fares, nor heeds,
Till terms are wasted, and the prond degree,
Soon purchas'd, comes his learned toils to crown.

He swears, and swears he knows not what, nor cares ;

Becomes a perjur'd graduate, and thinks soon

To be a candidate for Orders. Ah !

Vain was the hope. Though many a wolf as fell

Deceive the shepherd and devour the flock,

Thou none shalt injure. On a luckless day,

Withdrawn to taste the pleasures of the town,

Heated with wine, a vehement dispute

With a detested rival shook the roof.

He penn'd a challenge, sent it, fought, and fell ;

And, if there be for such delinquents room

In God's eternal mansions, went to Heav'n.

The terrible report in half a day

Reach'd Adriano's ear. His wife was dead.

Her heav'n-aspiring soul had just forsook

Its mortal tenement, her eye was fix'd,

And in his own he press'd her pallid hand,

Cold as a stone. A longing look he rais'd,

And wish'd to follow ; but severer lot

Chain'd him to earth. ' Think then, my child,' says he,

' Think what a stroke I felt, when in one day

Thy mother died and thy base brother fell ;
Though base, belov'd ; though worthless, yet regretted.
I could not pour on thy lov'd mother's bier
My debt of grief, but gave her to the earth
Ere I had half bewail'd her, or had once
That honest pleasure known the good man feels
In shedding sorrow o'er his buried friend.
I hasten'd to my son. I found him dead.
I wept and buried him. And then I thought,
His debts discharg'd, to have sought thee once more,
My only comfort left, and liv'd at home
In honourable ease. But ah, my child,
Much as I thought for him, he never thought
Or for himself or me. No debt was paid,
But all my former bounty had been spent
On vice and folly. Not a single trade
But brought me some exorbitant demand
On my diminish'd purse. I paid them all,
And little was there left for me and thee,
To be the slender means of our support.
Thanks be to Heaven, like the widow's cruse,
That little never fail'd. With my own hands

In this our garden have I daily wrought,
And the kind earth has well repaid my toil.
We have not wanted, but have reap'd enough
These twenty years, and he that pines for more
Deserves not what he has. I was content,
And many a pleasant day have past with thee,
And my few books, and antique instrument.
How chang'd from what I was ! but not, so chang'd,
Wish I my lot revers'd, or would again
To the gay world return. Only for thee
Grieves my sad heart with heavy thoughts oppress'd,
And not enough relying on His arm
Who knows my wants, and surely will not fail me.
I grieve for thee, who hast not in the world
A friend but me, whose wither'd arm can do
But little to defend thee, and must soon
Do nothing. True, we found a friend of late,
Where none had sought him, in the pleasant cot
At the hill-foot, that stands upon the verge
Of this tall wood, and overlooks the vale.
Gilbert is honest, or my eyes deceive me.
I love the two young maids he calls his sisters.

Anna is sensible, Sophia fair,
And both are good. I honour such. They come,
Soon as the morrow dawns, to hail the day
Which gave Maria birth. They sought my door
Soon as the bird was flown, and promis'd me.
But know, Maria, in this naughty world
The garb of virtue is assum'd by vice,
And hard it is for an experienc'd eye
To say who merits. Falsehood often lurks
Under the veil of truth, and seeming worth
Is but the mask to hide a villain's heart.
Be cautious whom you trust. Make none a friend
Till long experience has confirm'd him yours;
But having tried his worth, and found him true,
Give him thy heart for ever. Such a friend
Is the best blessing human life affords.
Find one and be content : there are not many.
One in a million. Friendship thus begun
Refines and mellows like a gen'rous wine,
Improves as it grows older, and from age
Acquires a flavour that may charm the taste
Of Cherubim and Angels. Yet be kind

And affable to all, and strive with none.
Give none occasion to condemn and hate
And wish to injure thee ; in all thy words
Wise as the serpent, gentle as the dove.'

He said and ended, and beheld the moon
Through the dark branches of a quiv'ring beech
In mellow glory rising. Day was fled,
Th' expiring ray of the departed sun
Glow'd faintly in the west, and the clear star,
That leads him up or lights him to his bed,
Was sinking fast into the smiling sea.
He rose, and with his daughter sought repose,
Ne'er sought in vain under the cottage roof.

Sleep on, ye happy cottagers, sleep on ;
A wakeful eye regards you ; sleep in peace.
Ye shall not sleep again till sorrow cease,
Till Providence reward your faith and truth,
And with a world of joy repay your tears.

Now day awoke, and the rejoicing sun
Rose to the morning chorus of the wood.
Sophia saw and heard, and Anna rous'd
Yet sleeping. Up they sprung, light as two doves;
And now, by fancy dress'd, on Gilbert call
To quit his closet, and the scheme complete
They yesternight had plann'd. Gilbert was ris'n,
And bade the maids good-morrow with his flute.
Sophia heard, and seizing her guitar,
Tun'd it in haste. They join'd, and altogether
Down the dry path to Adriano's cot
In silence hasted. Thither come, they paus'd,
And, drawing to the window, all at once
Their morning serenade struck up. His flute
In smooth persuasive tones young Gilbert blew,
Sophia lightly touch'd her soft guitar,
And with angelic sweetness Anna sung :

Hark ! the music morning brings
To Adriano's lone retreat,

Ev'ry songster gaily sings,
Melody how rare and sweet !

The steeple bell with tone so grave,
Hear it swell and proudly roar ;
Hear the solemn sounding wave
Die in murmurs on the shore.

Hark ! the sheepcot how it rings,
Loud the distant heifer lows,
The village herald claps his wings,
Mounts the gate, and stoutly crows.

Adriano, hear and rise.
Hear, Maria, hear and wake ;
Hear and lift thy charming eyes,
All is cheerful for thy sake.

Maria heard, and, startled at the sound,
Sprung from her chair, and threw her book aside.
For she had risen, as her custom was,
At that fine hour when never-loit'ring day

Forsakes his chamber, and the glorious sun
Shames the dull taper Dissipation holds
To light her closing revels. To the door
She tripp'd, and, gently peeping, saw unseen
Who sung, who play'd. Her little heart was glad,
And flutter'd, with impatience, like a bird
Newly imprison'd. With supreme delight
She mark'd the song, and hearken'd to its close :
Then lifting cautiously the wooden latch,
The door with silence open'd, stood reveal'd,
And bade her friends good-morrow, with a smile
Improv'd and heighten'd by a glowing blush
Might teach the morning envy. Yes, she blush'd
Where no shame was. For she was meek as good,
And fair as meek. Civility arose,
And ev'ry friend who enter'd shook her hand,
Gave joy, and took a kiss—to thee, fond youth,
With some reluctance giv'n, and not obtain'd,
However sought, on any day but this,
Though she esteems thee much. The board was spread,
And ere the guests were seated came the host,
And, with a smile that made his hoary locks

Lovely as youth, bade welcome. On his child
A thousand hearty blessings he bestow'd,
And kiss'd her thrice and thrice. Then 'gan the chat,
And cheerfully they smil'd at Anna's jest
And Adriano's tale. But little time
Gave they to rest so soon, accusom'd all
At this fine hour to scale the lofty cliff,
Where first the rising sun his beams impress'd
And drank the dew. With one consent they rose,
And, from the wood emerging, clomb the hill,
Oft pausing as they went, to gather breath,
And view the prospect. To the top at last
They come, and drink the wholesome morning breeze,
Parent of health and beauty. There they walk,
And count the village-steeple, woods and farms,
Villas and towns. Now cautiously approach
The awful brink of the bold jutting cliff,
And look delighted on the boundless sea.
Here they remark the azure plain is still
And smooth as marble, cover'd here with sails,
Here streak'd with shadows from above, and here
Ruffled and sparkling like a flood of gems.

Here they behold a chain of rocks half hid,
And gently wash'd by the returning wave.
Here the curl'd waters break upon the shore,
They see the foam, and faintly hear the murmur.
Upon the beach a fisherman they ken
Spreading his nets to dry, his little bark
Riding at anchor ; but a mite is he,
His bark a nut-shell. But not long they look,
For story tells of some who gaz'd too much,
And, turning giddy, fell, tremendous thought,
From top to bottom many a fathom down
To certain death. 'Twas like a fall from Heav'n.
So cheerfully they turn'd, and down the hill
With ease descended to the shady cot.
There see them seated, and the good man hear
With many a jest and many a merry tale
Beguiling time, the while Maria brews
The fragrant tea, and fair Sophia waits
And deals about her cakes and butter'd roll.
From such a hand what mortal can refuse ?
So to be waited on improves the feast ;
'Twould make ambrosia of a peasant's bread.

And fill his cup with nectar. She was fair,
Was exquisitely fair, and knew it not.
Gilbert had told her she was wondrous plain,
And she believ'd him ; flying from her glass,
And underrating ev'ry grace she had.
She courted not the eye, but still withdrew
And gave the way to Anna, nothing vex'd
To be outdone. So was the lovely maid
Quiet and unassuming ; quick to serve,
As deeming some atonement might be made,
For want of charms, by readiness to please.
Anna had wit, and heartily she laugh'd
To hear the jest go round ; the shuttlecock
Wits love ; and ever as it came to her
She struck it smartly, and it swift return'd.
Yet she was generous, and never drew
But in a cause of honour. Her keen stroke
Fell never on the golden shield of truth,
Nor treacherously gave a coward scar
To unarm'd virtue. Say as much of yours,
Ye charitable maidens of threescore,
Ye praters, who delight to steal the wreath

From merit's blister'd hand, who nettles twine
For virtue's tender brow, scourge modest worth,
And grant humility a crown of thorns.
Anna no wreath had envied or despoil'd.
Only at folly, vice, and want of sense,
She aim'd her shaft, and only there drew blood.
No surgeon's lancet had a finer edge,
And he that felt it smil'd, content to bleed
To purchase health so easy. Gilbert too,
Provok'd by merriment, had sense and humour,
Which ever as they went kept equal pace,
Like steeds well match'd, and neither lagg'd behind,
Or overran the other. But at home
To graver thoughts he dedicates the day,
Taught by his father, a deserving priest,
To think. A man of rarest worth was he,
And led his children in the paths of truth.
He made them virtuous, and died. So left,
To the small cot that overlooks the vale,
Taking in one wide view the down, the wood,
The cultivated champaign, and the sea,
They came lamenting. Here they liv'd in peace;

A little patrimony all their care,
Sav'd by their father from the scanty dues
Of one small living : better sav'd, he thought,
Than wasted on degrees to make his son
A member of the Church, which oft repays
Endless expense with forty pounds a year
Only for life. So happily they liv'd,
Secure at least from want, though little rais'd
Above the gen'ral herd. O happy state,
And only to be envied ! One short year
The pleasant cottage had receiv'd its guests,
And only miss'd them when the dappled morn
Invited to the hill, or silent eve
Drew to the wood and Adriano's cot ;
Or when, as now, with early steps they came
To breakfast with Maria. So they sat :
And time was brisk, and with his hasty bell
Twice rung the finish'd hour, not unobserv'd.
Each complimented each to think how soon
Hours speed away, when the delighted ear
Feeds on the converse of the friend we love.
And much was said of life's soon-finish'd race,

And happiness that fled as soon as felt,
Light as the morning cloud : till Gilbert's hand
Drew from his pocket the close-written book
Of choice duets, and all were loud for music.
Then Anna sang, and in delightful fugue
Sophia follow'd. Gilbert blew his flute,
And made the mellow harmony complete.
Then Anna paus'd, and Gilbert's flute was still,
And with soft voice Sophia sang alone.
Some awe she felt, and with a downcast eye
A modest smile and lightly-waving blush
Gave to her song inimitable grace.
Then Gilbert join'd again, and Anna sang,
And swell'd the chorus, till the list'ning ear
Was raptur'd with the sound. And thus they sang :

Welcome, welcome, glowing June,
Chiefly thou its eldest day,
To thee our cheerful song we tune,
Thou follower of airy May.

Welcome to the sire and us,
 May no ill thy birth befall;
May we ever greet thee thus,
 Ever welcome to us all.

And so they sang till the clear sun grew warm,
And the cool shade invited. Up they rose,
And to a spreading beech, whose leafy shield
No sun could penetrate, the merry maids
Repair delighted. There the table stands;
In haste Maria brings a seat for each,
And each produces, to amuse the rest,
Her work-bag and her basket. Ev'ry tongue
Was glib. Maria's self had found a voice,
And much she prais'd her friend's more skilful hand,
And much excus'd her own. To work they went,
And Anna taught her how to toil and please,
And give the needle all the painter's art;
And much they chatted, and of well-known youths,
Some loving, some belov'd, some not esteem'd,
In confidence said much; nor shall my Muse
Divulge their secret passions to the world.

MEANTIME young Gilbert, by appointment bound,
Went to the sea ; and to the garden bow'r
Walk'd Adriano to reflect alone,
And recollect his scatter'd spirits, pleas'd
To see his daughter happy with her friends,
And much delighted at the loud discourse
Under the shady beech. Long time he sat,
And meditated now, now read, now wrote,
Unwilling to disturb the lively maids :
For well he knew that laughter-loving youth
Cannot enjoy her story, serious age
And reverend experience looking on.

Gilbert had reach'd the shore, and found the boat
Impatient to be gone, the steady breeze
Swelling the bosom of the slacken'd sail ;
He tarried not, but hastily embark'd,
And bade the chiding fisherman begone.
Himself assisted, and with ready hand
Drew up the anchor, while the sturdy boy

Hoisted the sail, and his grave father sat
To guide the helm. So from the shore they launch'd,
Bound to no port, but destin'd on a cruise,
A morning's cruise for fish. Pleas'd was the youth ;
With utmost joy he saw the wood recede,
Beheld his cottage dwindled to a speck,
Observ'd the snow-white cliffs to right and left
Unfolding their wide barrier to his view,
And felt the boat bound gaily o'er the waves,
Light as a cork. He took the helm rejoic'd,
And right before the wind held on his course
Unheeding. 'Twas in vain his busy friends
Advis'd a different course, to gain with ease
The shore he left. He carelessly went on,
And never dream'd of danger and delay,
Never experienc'd. Fast into the waves
Sinks the far distant shore. The lofty cliff
Stoops to the water, and his hoary brow
At ev'ry wave seems buried in the flood.
And now the gloomy clouds collect. A storm
Comes mutt'ring o'er the deep, and hides the sun.
Hush'd is the breeze, and the high-lifted wave,

Portending speedy danger, to the shore
In lurid silence rolls. In tenfold gloom
The stormy south is wrapt, and his grim frown
Imparts unusual horror to the deep.
Now to the shore too late young Gilbert turns.
The breeze is sunk, and o'er the mounting waves
Labours the bark in vain. To the stout oar
The fisher and his son repair, and pull,
Alarm'd for safety, till their flowing brows
Trickle with dew. And oft the anxious youth
Looks back amaz'd, and sees the lightning play,
And hears the thunder, and beholds a sea
Ready to burst upon him. Oft he thinks
Of Anna and Sophia, and of thee,
Much-lov'd Maria, and thy aged sire,
Never perhaps again to walk with you,
To hear you speak, to live upon your smiles.
Ye hapless pair, what shall become of you,
No brother to defend you, and no father?

But fast the storm increases. The strong flash
Incessant gleams upon the curling wave.

Round his dark throne in awful majesty
The thunder marches ; his imperious roar
Shakes the proud arch of heav'n. And now the show'r
Begins to drop, and the unsteady gust
Sweeps to the shore, and stoops the flying boat
E'en to the brink. Small distance then, my friends,
'Twixt life and death ; a mere hair's breadth. And yet
Far, very far, appears the wish'd-for port.
And lo ! between yon rocks, now seen, now lost,
Buried in foam, and high the milky surge
Rolls its proud cataract along the shore,
Access denying. To the frowning cliff
Approach not. Mark the strong recoiling wave,
E'en to the base of the high precipice
It plunges headlong, and the stedfast hill
Wears with eternal battery. No bark
Of forty times your strength in such a sea
Could live a moment. 'Twere enough to wreck
A British navy, and her stoutest oak
Shiver to atoms. To the faithless beach
Fly with all speed—a hurricane pursues.
Tempt the loud surge. If life be to be won,

Deserve it well ; if to be lost, be brave,
And yield it hardly.

In the garden-bow'r
Long time had Adriano sat and mus'd.
At length the clouded sun, and falling breeze,
That shook no more the whisp'ring poplar's leaf
Repose persuading, rous'd him from his seat
To view the weather. With sagacious eye
He read the gloomy south, and soon perceiv'd
The brooding storm. Quick to the maids he walks,
And tells of Gilbert's absence, and his wish
To tempt that day the ever-restless deep.
And lo ! a storm advancing. To the shore
In great anxiety they haste. His friend
Old Adriano lov'd, and much the maids
His orphan sisters lov'd him, and as much
Lov'd meek Maria. On the beach they stand,
And o'er the flouncing surge with stedfast eye
Look out. None spies a sail ; and much they fear,
And much they hope. Of probable delay
And alter'd purpose Adriano speaks,

And soothes the tim'rous fair, though little hope
His bosom entertain'd of Gilbert's safety.
He tells them of miraculous escapes,
Deliv'rances unthought of, and delays
Ordain'd by Providence. At length the storm
Grew loud, and double thunder shook the cliff.
The lightning glar'd, and shot his fiery fork
Hard at the hill. Back to the shelter'd cot
Speeds the good man, a maid in either hand ;
Anna in one, Sophia in the other.
Maria ran before. Dark was the wood,
And darker still the cottage : it was night
Risen at noon. Their scatter'd work they seize,
Their chairs and table, and the welcome door
Scarce enter ere the heavy show'r descends.
A deluge falls, and loud the thunder roars,
Jarring the casement. With indignant glare
The lightning flashes, and a flood of fire
Illumines all the wood. The pow'rful blast
Runs howling by the door, and oft they think
They hear the crash of the descending elm
Torn from its roots, or shatter'd beech, or oak,

Smit by the bolt of Heav'n. But most they think
Of thee, young Gilbert, on the troubled deep
In anguish tost, or buried in the waves,
A prey to sharks, or cast upon the beach,
No friend to save thee, or thy poor remains
Snatch from the flood, and lay them in the earth
With decent burial. And much they wept,
And many a tear was shed by thy sweet eye,
Lovely Maria, to attest thy love,
Never before confess'd. For she had lov'd,
Much lov'd the gen'rous Gilbert, and she hop'd
Ere Adriano died to find a friend,
Perhaps a husband. In extreme despair
Two hours they past, two long and painful hours.
None took refreshment, but the little feast
Untasted stood, courting the tongue in vain.

At length the storm abates. The furious wind
No longer howls. The lightning faintly gleams,
And the retiring thunder scarce is heard.

The shower ceases, and the glowing sun
Bursts from the cloud, and hangs the wood with pearls
Fast falling to the ground. On the dark cloud
His wat'ry ray impress'd, in brilliant hues
Paints the gay rainbow. All is calm and clear.
The blackbird sings, and nothing of the storm
Is heard, save the grand surge whose heavy fall
Sounds awful though remote, and as it sinks
With harsh concussion rakes the flinty beach.
No longer they delay, but once again
Speed to the shore along the sandy path.
They come, and lo! the rough tormented deep
Boils like a cauldron, like a furnace steams.
Who can escape the fury of such wrath?
A multitude they meet, who one by one
Studiously prowl along the sounding shore,
And glean the foamy weed for hidden wreck.
And all they ask of Gilbert, but in vain :
None saw him, none the fisher or his son.
Mournfully slow they travel the rough beach
With painful steps, lamenting as they go.
Link'd arm in arm went Anna and Maria,

And arm in arm a little mile behind
Walk'd Adriano and Sophia. He
The tender-hearted maid consol'd, and spoke
Of grievous accidents which oft befall
The innocent and good, and yet require
Steady submission and a thankful heart
To him who sends them. Sad Maria too
Gave grief a tongue, and comforted her friend,
Needing relief herself.

And thus they walk'd,
Till to the foot of the steep cliff they came,
And there they saw upon the greensward edge
A little rais'd above them one who stood
His arms infolded, and the roaring waves
With stedfast eye regarded, as they roll'd
In foamy storm against the cliff below.
Glad they approach'd him, and with gentle voice
Anna requested, had he seen a youth
Clad thus and thus, a fisher and his son,
Or a light boat with painted sides and stern.
He heard her not, in admiration lost

At the loud conflict of the waves below ;
Till turning short he saw surpris'd a maid,
Whose tearful eye met his, and from whose lips
Fell feeble accents to his ear address'd.
He ask'd her what she would. She pray'd again,
If he had seen a youth—

‘ Fair maid,’ said he,
‘ I am a stranger on this boist'rous shore,
And known to none. With yester-morning's sun
I left my home, and with a tim'rous friend
Sought these high cliffs and that majestic wood,
In search of some who in this lonely vale,
Such the report, seek shelter from the world.
To-day by noon we reach'd the utmost wood,
Just as the storm began. My wary friend
Took refuge at a cottage by the way.
With him I left my steed, to the white shore
Determin'd, the wide ocean never seen,
And fortune promising, to crown my hopes,
A storm. I came and clomb the cliff, and saw,
In yonder hovel shelter'd, the wild flood

In all its fury. With exceeding awe,
Mingled with joy (for nature in my soul
Put something of the raven, and I love
Her awful operations) I beheld
The loud tempestuous waters lifted up
Proudly terrific, and in foamy pomp
Roll'd thund'ring to the shore. I felt the cliff
Shake at their potent onset, while the blast
Lifted the hovel's roof, and his strong side,
Though ribb'd with oak, before its fury lean'd.
I saw the fierce and fiery lightning fall
And burn along the cliff, e'en at my feet
Expiring. The resounding thunder seem'd
As heav'n and earth had war, and each enrag'd
Its horrid indignation had roar'd out
Close at my ear. In furious cataract
The rain descended, as if God was wroth,
And Heav'n its windows once again had op'd
To drown the world. I saw the rushing shower
Fall on the milk-white head of yon high cliff,
And steam along the down and o'er the wood;
And ever as the stormy blast blew strong,

And the keen lightning shot, it seem'd to fall
In sheets of fire. Methought the batter'd earth
Rock'd to and fro, as with a palsy shook,
Prophetic of her end. And then I saw,
Scarce saw upon the bounding waves below
(Sad sight, and such as fill'd my soul with grief
And terror inexpressible), a ship,
Full of brave sailors, in extreme distress,
'Toss'd on the rocks. Through all the storm I heard,
Or thought I heard, the lamentable cries
Of fifty souls in the full bloom of life
Begging relief in vain. I saw a wave
Sweep half into the flood. The living half
Frantic with terror ran from deck to deck,
With lifted hands and looks imploring mercy.
Some plung'd into the waves ; and one I saw
Clasp a distracted female in his arms,
And shield her with a father's love—in vain—
A larger wave came tumbling o'er the deck,
And swept it clear. The parent's hold was lost :
In the wet shrouds I saw his drowning child
A moment hang, then drop into the waves.

Some yet remain'd high on the rolling mast
In dreadful expectation rock'd ; but soon
The welt'ring ship was buried, her high mast
Fell to the water, and no soul was left.
Soon as the storm subsided I came down,
And saw upon the beach the scatter'd wreck
Of what was once a boat. And, as I stood
In fix'd amaze surveying the wild surge,
I saw the roaring deep cast up the corpse
Of one yet warm with life. E'en at my feet
The falling water left him, mangled much,
And much distorted ; yet he seem'd a youth
Of no mean birth, his locks with ribband tied,
His coat dark blue, his waistcoat neatly wrought,
Buckles of silver in his shoes, his knees
Garter'd with silk—'

He said, and to the earth
Sunk Anna spiritless. Sophia too,
Who unperceiv'd came up, and list'ning stood,
And heard the story of the shatter'd boat,
And how the corpse was cloth'd, shed bitter tears,

And wrung her hands, and lift her eyes to heav'n;
Then knelt by Anna, press'd her clay-cold hand,
And rais'd her head, and laid her cheek to her's,
And call'd, and sigh'd. Maria speechless stood,
Pierc'd to the heart. Death o'er her trembling limbs
Spread his pale banner, and the spark of life
Was half extinguish'd. On her father's neck
She fell, and labour'd to conceal her grief
Too mighty to be hid. The good man wept.
The stranger stood aghast. Humane he was,
And shed some few involuntary drops,
Not knowing why, and turn'd about to hide them.
With gentle hand he help'd to raise the maid,
And put the cheering ether to her lip,
And touch'd her temples. She reviv'd, and sigh'd,
And having found her feet, and shed a flood
Of pure affection, with a trembling voice,
Oft interrupted, of the stranger ask'd,
' Whither the corpse was carried.' He replied,
' None saw it but myself; and I alone,
In pity to a stranger thus expos'd
To hungry sea-birds and the pitiless boor

Who walks the beach for plunder, rak'd a hole
Unseen of any, and the shroudless corpse
Buried in haste ; and came away, well pleas'd
To have done an office that myself had wish'd
Upon the naked shore so cast.'

‘ But where,
Where, Sir,’ said Anna, ‘ shall we find the spot
Where the dear youth lies buried ?’ ‘ Lovely maid,’
Replied the stranger, ‘ with my own rude hands
I smooth’d it as I could, t’ escape the search
Of curious plunderers ; and scarce had done,
When a high-lifted surge with monstrous roar
Burst on the shore, and shot his foamy strength
Up to the topmost beach. I ran before it,
And turning could not mark the spot myself
Where the drown’d youth was laid. Thence up I came,
And, when you saw me first, with stedfast eye
Watch’d the approach of something from the wreck,
Which seem’d another corpse.’

‘ O mighty God !’

Cried Anna, ‘ then these longing eyes no more
Shall see our brother, our unhappy Gilbert.’
‘ Gilbert !’ exclaim’d the stranger all amaz’d,
Gilbert ! and was it Gilbert whom these hands
Interr’d ? and are the maids I see his sisters ?
I might have known it, for Sophia’s voice
Twice call’d thee Anna, and my conscious heart
Leap’d at the sound. Come, let me both embrace,
And be assur’d, the man who thus intrudes
Is a warm friend, who heartily partakes
Your grief for Gilbert.’

Silence chain’d his tongue.

He said no more, but, Anna’s hand in his,
Turn’d short aside, and to his flowing eyes
Applied the kerchief. In extreme amaze
All stood. There was a pause in grief, and joy
Was ready with a dewy-raptur’d eye
To mingle ecstacy with sorrow. ‘ Yes,
A warmer friend,’ said he, ‘ than greets you thus,
No mortal knows. My name is Frederic !’

‘ Ha ! Frederic ! and is it Frederic ?
Mine and my father’s Frederic ?’ exclaim’d
Astonish’d Anna : ‘ by what lucky chance
‘ In this hard hour do I again embrace
My faithful Frederic ?’ She said, and sprung
And caught him in her arms, and on his neck
Breath’d out in tears unutterable joy,
Unutterable grief.

‘ Thy Frederic,
Thy faithful Frederic, and only thine,’
Said he, ‘ is he who holds thee. To this vale
I came in quest of thee, doubly rejoic’d
To bear good news to Gilbert, and to thee
A heart unchang’d. I mounted not the cliff,
Till I had sought in vain the humble cot
Where fame reported Gilbert was conceal’d.
Years have elaps’d since at a friend’s retreat
I met thee, Anna, lov’d thee, and was lov’d.
Our fathers saw the strong attachment made,
And thought it best to separate our hands
Till age had taught us prudence, and our love,

Of childish passion clear, to pure esteem
And rational regard had mellow'd down.
Yet am I childish still, and in my soul
Perceive no alter'd love, no warmth abated.
First in my mind is Anna when I wake,
Last ere I sleep. She is my thought all day,
My constant dream all night.'

‘ O Frederic,

And canst thou,’ said she, ‘ to a maid so lost
Be true and faithful ? Canst thou love me still,
All destitute of friends, no father left,
No brother to defend me ? Canst thou grieve
To see these tears ? And shall the same kind roof
Receive Sophia and my wretched self,
Never to part ? Take then my hand, and Heav’n
Mix no repentance in thy cup.’

‘ Dear soul,

Can I ?’ said he ; ‘ inhuman were my heart,
Could I not love thee in the perilous hour,
As much or more than in the cloudless day

Of gay prosperity. Be thine my roof,
And thine, Sophia. All my purse can give
Shall purchase happiness for you and me,
Come, let us hasten homeward. By the way
I'll give you short account of better lot
Now intercepted, and to-morrow's sun
Shall launch us on the world to live anew.'

'Stay, gentle stranger,' Adriano cried,
Who silently had stood and mark'd his words,
And joy'd and griev'd; 'a little moment stay.
Be not too hasty to deprive my child
Of these her amiable only friends,
Nor pluck from me my second best support
Of age and weakness. Be till night at least
My guests, and end the melancholy day,
Begun with joy, in my poor shelter'd cot.
To leave me thus would be a loss indeed.
'Twould break my poor child's heart.'

The stranger turn'd,
And bow'd obedience, by the tender fair

With ease persuaded, in his heart inclin'd
To meet the good petition with consent.
So silently they went, and Fred'ric told
The purpose of his journey. Joyful news
He thought to bring to Gilbert and his house.
But Providence, who ev'ry ill removes,
And gives us only good, by sudden change
Had otherwise ordain'd, and what he wills
Is best for man. A rich relation died,
And left to Gilbert a complete estate.
But if he died and left no child behind,
It went to Ronsart, an unmanner'd youth,
Bred at his mother's knee, the very man
Who came with Fred'ric to the lonely wood.
Unwelcome was the news, and ev'ry heart
Throbb'd with the transports of augmented grief.
Sweet comfort fled, and Fred'ric strove in vain
To stay the course of unavailing tears.
So home they came, in silent sorrow sat,
Bread of affliction ate, and drank the cup
No longer sweet, unmingled with content.

O Grief, thou blessing and thou curse, how fair,
How charming art thou, sitting thus in state
Upon the eyelid of ingenuous youth,
Wat'ring the roses of a healthful cheek
With dews of silver ! O for Lely's art,
To touch the canvass with a tender hand,
And give a faithful portrait of thy charms,
Seen through the veil of grief, sweet maid, Sophia.
O for the pen of Milton, to describe
Thy winning sadness, thy subduing sigh,
Gentle Maria ; to describe thy pains,
Assiduous Fred'ric, to alleviate grief,
And hang a smile upon thy Anna's brow ;
To paint the sweet composure of thy looks,
Experienc'd Adriano, thy attempt
To waken cheerfulness, and frequent eye
Stealing aside in pity to Maria.
' Be comforted,' he said, and in the sound
Was music ev'ry ear was pleas'd to hear.
But thy availing voice was not like His,
Who bade the deep be still, and it obey'd.
A transient gleam of peace one moment shone,

But sorrow came the next.

Short time they sat,
For Fred'ric now bethinks him of his friend,
And begs the good man's leave to be excus'd
'Till early eve, or till he finds at least
The roving Ronsart. Well he knew, the youth
Was fiery and impatient, and perhaps
Might combat danger thus alone, unus'd
To win regard by gentle courtesy,
In words precipitate and harsh, in deeds
Rude and despotic. To partake his walk
Anna requested, and he gave consent ;
Well knowing love has many tales to tell
Fit only for the ear of him who loves.
So forth they walk'd, and to his weeping child
'The careful father went. He drew a seat,
And sat between Maria and her friend.
One hand of each he took, and bade them cease,
And shed no bitter tears for Gilbert's death,
For death was happy. 'Twas a kind reprieve
To a sad exile, freedom to a slave,

Wealth to a beggar. 'Twas a private door
Open'd by Mercy to let in her son,
The poor, unhappy, cheated pilgrim, Man,
Into the land of rest : that happy land,
Once his, but lost, o'er whose fast-bolted gate
Insulted Justice waves her fiery sword,
And swears no soul shall enter. Yet there was
One entrance left, left by that gracious God,
Who made the heav'ns and this revolving earth,
Who spake, and it was done. He gave the key
To Mercy, Mercy was for man.

But words

Were not sufficient to remove their grief.
He paus'd—he pitied. Gen'rous sympathy
Thrill'd in his heart, and mounted to his eyes.
He took his hat, and left them with a sigh.

Nor sit they long. Each takes a book by chance,
Not purposing to read, but steal away
And feed the sorrows of her heart alone.

INTO the wood they went. Sophia turn'd.
Maria wander'd on ; nor stays her foot,
Till to the margin of a brook she comes
Swell'd by the morning's rain. Thro' the dark wood
Its troubled torrent ran, and falling hoarse
From a green bank on little rocks below
Made music not ungrateful to her ear.
She look'd about, and saw no friend behind.
She shut her book, and on a painted bench,
Erected long ago by some rude hind
Under a poplar's shade that overhung
The huddling brook, she sat her down and sobb'd
Till sorrow had its fill ; then wip'd her eyes,
And lean'd her arm against the poplar's bark,
Her head against her arm. The other hand
Held fast the book and tear-dipt handkerchief.
She look'd upon the brook, and mus'd awhile,
Watching the bubbles as they rose and burst.
At length persuasive rest her eyelids clos'd,
And all in graceful negligence reclin'd

She slept, if sleep it may be call'd, that fill'd
Her troubled mind with images of woe
And death.

Meanwhile in sad and thoughtful mood
Thrice round his garden Adriano walk'd.
He shook the drooping lilac, rais'd the pea,
Supported the gay stock, and brush'd the dew
From the full budded pink. With tender hand
Maria's shelter'd flower-pots he cheer'd,
Removing aught might hurt the cautious bud
Of balsams, myrtles, roses, or the plant
So finely sensitive. At length he turns,
And seeks the maids he left, but finds them not.
Deserted was the cottage ; only Frisk,
For ever faithful, at the threshold slept.
Wide open stood the door, and seem'd to tell
Whither the maids were gone. He drew it to,
And, Frisk before him, sought the custom'd walk
Through the dark wood. Sophia soon he saw
(Her book was open, but she read it not)
In thoughtful posture now, now walking brisk,

And now in warm distress looking to Heav'n,
The tears fast falling down her fluster'd cheek.

‘What reads my child?’ he cried; ‘some tender
tale

Of virtuous suff’ring?’ Startled at the voice,
She shut her book, and wiping her warm cheek
Put it away disorder’d. ‘Let me see,’
Said Adriano kindly; ‘let me see
What tale has pow’r to wring exhausted grief
To such a flood of woe!’ He seiz’d the book,
And found it *Werter’s Sorrows*. ‘Aye, my child,
A wretched tale, but not to be believ’d.
O pestilent example, to describe
As worthy pity and the fair one’s tears
Deeds by no arguments to be excus’d.
Who kills himself, involves him in the guilt
Of foulest murder. True, no written law
Commands our strict forbearance; but be sure
The laws of nature are the laws of God;
And he, who said, *Thou shalt not murder*, made
This universal law that binds our hands

From mischief to ourselves. Else why so strong
The love of being and the fear of death ?
Why stands the tortur'd sick on the grave's brink,
And trembles to step in ? Why linger I,
Assur'd that nothing painful waits me there ?
'Tis God's decree engrav'd upon the heart
To make us wait with patience, till he comes,
Undraws the curtain, and dispels the gloom,
And takes us to his bosom, and rewards
Our constancy and truth. That mortal, then,
Who shuns the suff'rance of impending ills,
Is cowardly and rash. For what more rash
Than wilfully to spoil a noble work
God made, and said, let live ? What more betrays
Rank cowardice, than tim'rously to shake
And fly distracted at a foe's approach ?
Can there be aught more painful, than to lose
An amiable wife ? in one short hour
To fall from affluence and joy and peace,
To poverty and grief ? Can there be felt
Heavier misfortune, than to lose a son,
And find myself a beggar at his death ;

Forc'd into solitude without a friend,
And only one poor little weeping child
To be the sad companion of my grief?
Yet I am living still, and kiss the hand
That smote me so severely. Tell me not
That life has pains too heavy to support.
Look towards Calvary, and learn from thence
The noblest fortitude is still to bear
Accumulated ills, and never faint.
We may avoid them, if we can with honour;
But, God requiring, let weak man submit,
And drink the bitter draught, and not repine.
Had Cato been a Christian, he had died
By inches, rather than have ta'en the sword
And fall'n unlike his master.'

‘ Yes, good Sir,’

Answer'd Sophia, with a downcast eye,
Turning the leaves, ‘ and he, who feels like me,
Would sooner bear all human woes in one,
Than fly to death for succour, and destroy
A parent's peace for life.’

‘ ’Tis justly said,’

Cried Adriano, at the pious thought
Touch’d with affection, ‘ and the man who dies,
Provok’d to madness by adult’rous love,
Ignobly dies. A more disgraceful end
No sentence could inflict.’

‘ And she who loves,’

Replied Sophia, ‘ and divides her heart,
Giving it not entire to him she weds,
Deserves no pity, suffer what she will.’

‘ Doubtless,’ said he : ‘ O it delights me much
To find such sense in woman, she can see
The fatal tendency of tales like these.
’Tis thus the arch-deceiver, busy still
To ruin man, besets the female heart,
Insinuates evil counsel, and inflames
The hungry passions, that like arid flax
Catch at a spark, and mount into a blaze.
The passions heated, reason strives in vain ;
Her empire’s lost, and the distracted soul

Becomes the sport of devils, wholly bent
To turn and wind it in a world of sin.'

' 'Twere dang'rous then,' cried she, ' however good,
To trust our judgment in a tale like this !'

' Dang'rous indeed,' said he ; ' for what young maid
Can so distinguish between good and ill,
As not to love and practise both alike,
When both are painted lovely ? Trust me, child,
There lurks a serpent in this flow'ry path
Shall sting thee to the quick. Better desist,
And enter not at all, than be seduc'd
By its best fruits, till appetite increase,
And step by step the cautious foot advance,
Till no return be found. The thirsty tongue
May taste the spring it nauseates and abhors,
Till custom makes it sweet. And frequent use
May so befool the sense, to make it long,
And drain the cup, and drink the pois'nous dregs,
Rather than quit it for the draught of health.'

‘ If then,’ rejoin’d Sophia, ‘ tales like these
Ought never to attract a female’s eye,
Tell me, good Sir, for I have long’d to ask,
What shall we read ?’

‘ What read, my child ?’ said he,
‘ Read thy Creator in his word and works.
Follow Philosophy, and hear her speak
Of other peopled worlds, and other suns
Enlight’ning worlds unheard of. See her draw
The ample circle, and describe the laws
Of this our little universe, which lies
Within the ken of our assisted eye.
Be with her when she turns the spotted globe,
And shews the cause of seasons, day and night,
In equal portions dealt to all mankind.
Attend her to the field, with studious eye
Closely examining whate’er she sees.
Hear her discourse of wisdom in the brute,
The fish, the fowl, the insect, plant and flow’r,
In ev’ry particle alive or dead,
From the cloud-cover’d mountain’s highest peak

Down to the centre. Follow History,
And hear her justify the ways of God,
Requiting evil, and rewarding good,
And holding up to honour and esteem
The great example. Follow Poetry,
And mark her epic song and tragic act,
And only leave her when indecent mirth
Turns wit to madness. I could tell thee, child,
Would time permit, a thousand wholesome paths,
Where profit only with amusement dwells,
And where no danger lurks. Be such as Grey,
Or More's attentive daughter. From his lips
A family grew wise, and ev'ry ear
Drank pure instruction. Like a summer sun
On all about him his benignant ray
Shed happy influence, and ev'ry child,
Improv'd and cherish'd by the glowing beam,
Shone like a planet. Chiefly she the first,
The morning star, how exquisite her charms,
For ever near and dancing in his smiles,
And shining most the parent orb eclips'd.
Be such as Bacon's mother, skill'd to rear

Her infant prodigy ; or such as she
The gallant Sidney's sister, learn'd and good,
Whose like ere death shall kill, expiring time
Shall throw a dart at him, and shut the grave.
Learn by what arts ingenious Packington
To lasting honour rose ; how Masham won
Locke's just regard ; how pious Norton's child
In early greatness died ; how Astell shone
The glory of her age. Seek these, my child,
And let none go beyond thee. To excel
Be all thy wish at morning, noon, and night.
But shun the flow'ry path where no good dwells,
And guard thy virtue as a precious gem
Much envied and soon lost. Another time,
If yet the wood, the cottage, and the down
Have charms to stay thee, Gilbert gone for ever,
I will instruct thee further. Live with me,
And be Maria's friend, and eat my bread,
And be my second daughter.'

‘ Thanks, good Sir,’

Sophia said, and in one modest look

Convey'd such gratitude as angels feel
In the great world above. And now again
Grief swell'd her heart, and tears ran down her cheek.

‘Come,’ said the careful father, ‘weep no more.
Go to the cot, ere chilly ev’ning come,
And the damp wood affect thee. Where’s my daughter?’

UNDER a poplar’s shade that overhung
The noisy brook, upon a painted bench,
Maria sat and slept. But scarce her eyes
Had clos’d, when Ronsart, looking for his friend,
And angry to be left so long alone,
Came scowling to the spot. He saw the maid,
And stood a moment in amazement lost.
His anger ceas’d, and pleasure in its stead
Sat on his brow exulting. So retreats
The morning cloud before the rising sun,
And day that louring wak’d forbears her frown,

And softens to a smile. Nearer the maid
He drew, enraptur'd with her charms. He gaz'd,
And all the villain came into his heart.
He long'd, and yet he fear'd to touch. For vice
Is ever aw'd at goodness, and begins
Her treach'rous act with fear and doubt, asham'd
To see herself so base, and of her prey
Inly despairing, since no pow'r can force
Strong Heav'n, no strength withstand his fiery arm
Who fights for virtue. With a trembling hand
He stole the book and read—he drew away
And kiss'd her handkerchief, and touch'd her hand.
So plays the hungry tiger with his prey,
Whetting his appetite by long restraint.
She mov'd, and sigh'd. He throb'd with expectation,
And ready stood to catch her in his arms
Soon as her eye-lids rose. She slept again.]
He sat beside her, and with curious eye
Survey'd her, as he thought, all unobserv'd:
But close behind him, by a tree conceal'd,
Stood one in rustic habit clad, and watch'd
His guilty motions. To the brook he came,

And saw the maid asleep. Just then he heard
The steps of Ronsart, and withdrew unseen.
So when at last th' impatient youth arose,
And wak'd the maid, and seiz'd her in his arms,
And thought him of his wicked act secure,
Ere he could fix his longing lips on hers,
He aim'd a blow at the young villain's head,
That fell'd him to the earth. 'Twas GILBERT !

Struck

With terror and amaze Maria fled,
But knew 'twas Gilbert. To her sire she came
Just parting from Sophia, out of breath,
And so disorder'd between smiles and tears,
She found no tongue. She took Sophia's hand,
And led her trembling to the brook. They ran,
And Adriano follow'd. Ere they came
Ronsart had risen, and in furious wrath
High-menacing at Gilbert ran. His voice
Drew Fred'ric and his Anna to the spot,
Returning home wearied with fruitless search.
They came in time to see a second blow

Drive Ronsart back, and plunge him in the brook.
Then came Sophia and the injur'd maid,
And Adriano. Fred'ric was enrag'd ;
He seiz'd the collar of the man unknown,
And had not seiz'd in vain, but Anna saw
And knew her brother, fair Sophia saw
And knew him. All were satisfied 'twas Gilbert.
So eagerly they ran and kiss'd his cheek,
And hung upon his neck, and wept for joy.
And he wept too, and tenderly caress'd
Thee, dear Maria, and thy breaking heart
Fill'd full with consolation.

Then he turn'd,
And with austere regard on Fred'ric look'd,
Who statue-like in blank astonishment
Stood fix'd, and sternly ask'd him, ' what he would.'
Speedy as lightning Anna ran between,
And cried, ' 'Tis Frederic !'

' It matters not,'
Said Gilbert, ' who it is. The man who thus

Seizes my throat, must show me ample cause,
Or I shall call him to a sharp account,
Though he be Fred'ric my much-honour'd friend.'

'Who sees his friend,' cried Fred'ric, 'thus abus'd,
Beat to the earth, and wallow'd in the brook,
And gives him no assistance, is a coward.
Let him who injur'd Ronsart shew me cause,
Or I shall call him to a sharp account,
Though he be Gilbert my much-honour'd friend.'

'Then hear,' said Gilbert. 'To this spot I came,
Intending hurt to none. From the loud surge
But ill escap'd, and climbing the rude cliff
Through a steep moulder'd gap, at a small hut
Belonging to the fisher and his son,
I found this suit, and chang'd it for my own
All dripping wet. Soon as the tempest ceas'd
I left the hut thus clad, and tow'rd the wood
Came with all speed, well knowing these my friends,
And these my sisters, had not hearts of steel,
And might be griev'd at my delay. I saw,

Just as my weary feet had reach'd this spot,
This lovely maid upon that bench asleep.
I saw, and was refresh'd ; but had not gaz'd
A moment's space, ere yonder villain came,
Thy friend ; and I retir'd, and unperceiv'd
Beheld the dev'lish antic at his wiles.
I knew his purpose, (for the outward act
Gives true assurance of the inward mind,)
And burning with impatience stood awhile,
Till he all passion seiz'd the helpless maid
Alone and sleeping, and with touch profane
Thought to have feasted on those crimson lips
And that vermilion cheek. I sprung to help her.
And sure my arm had more than usual strength,
For with one blow I fell'd him to the earth,
And set the captive free. She fled alarm'd,
And hardly stay'd to cast one thankful look
On him who sav'd her—but that gracious smile
Repays me well. The shameless villain rose,
And, cursing me by ev'ry name above,
Ran at my life. The second blow you saw,
Which plung'd him headlong in the miry brook.

And if an act like this can need defence,
I stand prepar'd to give it; for be sure,
Had it been Fred'ric I had done the same,
And Fred'ric had deserv'd it.'

‘ Yes, and more,’
Cried Fred’ric, at his guilty friend incens’d :
‘ Give me thy pardon, and chastise the boy
Till double recompence atone the wrong.
My arm shall lend assistance.’

‘ No, my friend,’
Said Gilbert, ‘ let him stand aloof, while thus
We join our hands in friendship. If he dares
Again to break the peace of this calm wood,
Again my arm shall teach him to be just.’

‘ Thy arm shall teach me, ignominious boy !’
Ronsart replied, and haughtily advanc’d :
‘ O Fred’ric, I’m astonish’d thy cold ear
Can drink a tale so false. ’Tis all a lie.
His was the purpose to assault the maid,

And mine to shield her. By these hazels hid,
I saw the villain to the bench advance,
And offer violence. My heart was hot,
And 'gainst my brave attempt to combat force
And rescue innocence, his arm prevail'd.
But think not, Gilbert, to escape me thus.
If there be courage in thee, and these rags
Cover no coward's heart, in half an hour
Meet me again. This be the spot, and come
Prepar'd for measures that may best acquit
My injur'd honour.'

‘ Yes,’ said Fred’ric, ‘ ’tis,
’Tis all a lie. Thy purposes, no doubt,
Were fair and good. Look at the injur’d maid ;
The frown of indignation cast on thee,
The smile bestow’d on Gilbert, are strong proofs
Thine is the cause of justice and of truth.
Thy fury shows thee honest, and thy wrongs
Cloth’d in the modest style of injur’d worth
Bespeak a friend’s compassion. I rejoice
Gilbert yet lives to disappoint thy hopes,

Thou man of honour ; to reward thy deeds,
Thou man of courage. In my soul I loath
The wretch who dares be wicked, yet complains
Of injur'd honour, and defends his act
With specious lies and seeming honesty.
O Gilbert, let me give thee double joy,
Escap'd the troublous ocean, and restor'd
To these and me. We thought the roaring surge
Had wreck'd thy bark and cast thee up, and I,
In pity to a mangled corpse unknown,
Had given thee hasty burial in the beach.
It grier'd me much, for to the wood I came
With joyful news. The wealthy Rowley dead
Gives thee his whole estate. Enjoy it long,
And be the father of a num'rous race,
And Ronsart's second hope, prevented thus,
Remain unsatisfied for ever. Come,
Let us be gone, and leave the valiant boy
To meditate at leisure. He may find
A surer way to honour, than to lurk,
And offer insult to a sleeping maid,
To menace her protector, and demand

Strict satisfaction, when no head but his
Deserves the stroke of justice.'

Gilbert stood

With thoughtful brow revolving in his mind
Old Rowley's goodness, cheerful now, now grave.
In doubt was he, or to accept his lot,
Or love the cottage still. Of the wide world
He little knew, nor much had seen to blame;
And novelty had charms to win his heart.
But here Maria dwelt; and what was wealth,
Or what was life, without her? His distress
Good Adriano saw, and mark'd his eye
Oft turning to Maria. 'Why,' said he,
'Stands Gilbert falt'ring thus, the only soul
That not rejoices at his own good lot?'

'Tis strange indeed,' said Gilbert; 'but my mind
Is doubtful of its choice. On either hand
A happy lot invites me, and to each
My wav'ring heart inclines. Here stands the world
And with a fascinating smile attracts,

And talks of duties between man and man,
Of laurels to be won and praise deserv'd
By public service. Sweet retirement there
Shows me her boundless treasures, bids me drink
At her eternal fountain of delights,
And rove, and read, and prattle to my friends
In the fine ease of unmolested life.
And how shall I forsake the sunny down,
How leave the shady wood, the cot and thee,
And dear Maria ? Who shall guard her then
From the sly lurking villain ?

‘ Fear thou not,’

Said Adriano smiling, ‘ let us live
Unheard of still. There is a God above,
Who loves the good, and guards them from all ills ;
And he shall lend me, to protect my child,
A shield of adamant. Go seek the world,
Shine in the public eye. Be great and good.
Employ thy talents to a noble end,
And pay them back with int’rest. Other downs,
And other woods, and other smiling friends,

And other mansions shall delight thee there.
Forget Maria and her father's cell,
And live with men, and feast thy ear with mirth,
Thy eye with beauty.'

 ' Never,' cries the youth,
' O never, never. Let me sooner die
Than leave the friends I love. I cannot quit
The shady cottage and the sunny down,
These many years remember'd, often sought
At morning and at eve. My native soil,
I cannot leave thee ; how much less my friends,
Thee Adriano, and thy duteous child
Maria ! Give me her, and to the world
I go rejoicing, for I must confess
I love her much.'

 ' I know thou lov'st her much,'
Said Adriano, ' and thou didst enough
' Well to deserve her heart. But how shall I
Support the absence of an only child,
Scarce able now to live, by her good hand

Sustain'd and cherish'd ?'

‘ Be together still,’

Cried Gilbert warmly, ‘ and my house thy home.

‘ What says Maria ?’

On the ground were fix'd

Her modest eyes, and downcast was her head.

She smooth'd her apron's hem, and smil'd aside,

And lovely blushes wav'd upon her cheek.

She look'd at Adriano for his leave,

And gave her hand to Gilbert. Her meek eye

Met his transported, and a look of love

Shot to his heart. He kiss'd her glowing cheek,

And Adriano smil'd. The happy sign

Maria saw, and fell upon his neck.

And, ‘ O Maria, my dear child,’ he said,

‘ This was the happy hour I long'd to see.

My daughter wedded to a worthy youth

Who so deserves her, fills my heart with joy.

I ask no more ; kind Heav'n has fully paid

For all my former pains. Be happy these,

I leave the world in peace, content to die,
And go to her whose loss these eyes have wept
These twenty years. Maria, love thy husband.
Be kind to him as thou wast kind to me,
And he shall love thee with as perfect love.
A few short days, perhaps, and I am gone ;
My office is expir'd, and what can I
To be of service more ?

‘ Come, come,’ said Gilbert,
Live and rejoice with us. A few short years
Of the best happiness this world affords
Shall not o’erpay thee for thy daily care
To rear this lovely maid. Great was the gift,
And pure is the esteem that gift has won.
Oh ! my heart longs to show thee what it owes,
And make thy happiness complete as mine.
To-morrow let us hence. Another day
Shall make Maria mine. I cannot rest
Till I have shown to an admiring world
How fair a rose has in the desert sprung.’

O ye mistaken belles, who fondly think
'Tis prudent to engage the public eye
Ere infancy expire; to lead the dance;
Parade the public walk and crowded street,
Prate to the grinning coxcomb, and engage
The eager ears of an assembled rout
All hungry to devour your pert remark;
To scream at the full concert unabash'd,
And foremost sit in the projecting box
Till the fine blush forsakes you; learn from hence,
Who quits her modesty foregoes a grace
Which nothing can compensate. The fix'd blush,
Or true or borrow'd, has few charms for man.
Be all the morning's beauty on thy cheek,
It shall not win me if it ne'er retire
And come again, by just occasion call'd.
Be all the ev'ning's splendor in thy eye,
It shall not please me if the stubborn lid
In sweet abashment never fall. Peruse
All living nature; what but modesty
Pervades the heav'ns above and earth beneath?
The mighty Author of the world, whose hand

Creates all beauty, flies before the search.
We see the traces of his glorious art,
But seek the finger that performs in vain.
In darkness and in clouds he wraps him up,
Withdraws, and only wishes to be seen
In these his works ; though beautiful, no doubt,
The source of so much beauty, beyond thought
Engaging to the eye and ev'ry sense,
That presence he denies. O modesty,
Beyond example charming ! In his word,
And him the pattern of his Father's deeds
Assuming poverty to hide the God,
Read him still modest ; and retreating still,
Though still pursued. He yet remains unseen,
Though on the footstool of his throne we stand,
And feel all God about us. Hence, ye fair,
Learn to esteem the godlike gift, and meet
The public eye with caution, lest the blush,
By constant admiration put to flight,
Disdain to come again, and all the charms
Which Nature gave you to engage our hearts
Be gone, and leave you with no power to please.

GILBERT was marching with Maria's arm
Fast lock'd in his, when Adriano spoke.
' Stay, Gilbert, pause awhile, and ere we go
Another match approve. This worthy youth
(For such I deem him, tho' not known a day)
Has giv'n his heart to Anna, she to him.
While yet we thought thee lost, she told her love,
All destitute of friends ; and nobly he
Resolv'd to love her in the hour of need,
As much or more than in the cloudless day
Of gay prosperity. The same kind roof
Was to receive Sophia and herself,
Never to part.'

' O admirable friend !

The friend in need,' said Gilbert, ' is a friend
No bounty can repay.' He took their hands
And join'd them, and a thousand blessings gave ;
He wish'd them health, and peace, and long to live,
As happy as Maria and himself.

Then all were cheerful, and the kiss of love
Went round. Good humour sat on ev'ry cheek,
And ev'ry eye was merry. The clear moon
Rose on the wood, and disappearing half
Under the border of a sable cloud,
Hung like a drop of gold. The pleasing sight
All saw delighted, Adriano most,
Who first perceiv'd the silent orb had ris'n,
And ev'ning stol'n upon them. With gay heart
He summons to the cottage, there to sit,
To eat, to drink, and while away an hour
Before they rest. Young Ronsart then he saw,
And felt compassion for the thoughtless youth.
He bade the rest retire ; but Fred'ric stay'd,
Lest aught might prompt the hasty boy to rage,
And Adriano's care be ill repaid
By insolence and anger. To the youth
The good man went. In proud disdain he turn'd,
And with harsh finger pluck'd the hazel's leaf ;
When Adriano thus :

‘ Come, honest youth,

Mistake us not for foes. Partake our cheer.
The smart of folly felt, we ask no more.
Be wise in future. 'Tis a pow'rful hand
Protects the good; provoke its wrath no more.
Be happy with us, for my child forgives
The purpos'd injury, assur'd like me
Thy gen'rous nature in the hour of thought
Will feel contrition. Harbour no revenge;
For Gilbert's anger justly was provok'd.
Think, hadst thou seen a maid by thee belov'd,
Alone thus sleeping, and a stranger came,
With eagerness approach'd, and seiz'd her hand,
And caught her in his arms, tho' all he wish'd
Was but a kiss, how had thy fury burn'd!
Who could forbear and look in patience on,
To see another's arm infold the fair
He deems his own? Be satisfied, nor think
Gilbert has done thee wrong. Provoke him not
To meet thee in the field, for such an act
Were base in him and thee. 'Twere like the wretch
Who call'd his righteous brother to account,
And slew him for his virtue. 'Twere in both

Strange violation of the law divine,
To follow custom, which too often leads
To terrible mistake. The rich and great
Adopting folly, to the gen'ral eye
Make vice seem innocent. So here their use
Approves stupendous error, and the mean,
Eager to imitate their words and deeds,
Adopt an act that will not bear excuse.
Think as ye will of virtue, O ye great,
'Tis your's to recommend the faith ye own
By virtuous conduct. Ev'ry soul that fails,
By your infectious fashions led astray,
Shall at your hands his happiness require.'

‘Aye, sir,’ said Fred’ric, ‘and ’twere well the great
Had something of the honest Briton left,
And scorn’d to ape the manners of the French.
I hate to see such senseless deference paid
To a designing foe. Let the fop’s coat
Be made at Paris, let his locks be teaz’d
All day by the friseur, and let him walk

With hat in hand on tiptoe to the ball
All flattery and essence. Butterflies
Make summer cheerful, and such powder'd moths
Serve for the wise to laugh at. But be sure
Our native virtue will instruct us best
How and for what to fight. Or if that fail,
Appal we to the Roman and the Greek.
Their swords were only drawn for public wrongs,
And never clash'd but in the state's defence.
Cæsar was brave, and Cæsar had his foes ;
But when drew Cæsar blood but in the field ?
His private quarrels to the winds he tost,
Forgot his injuries, and only slew
Contending for his country.'

‘ Truly said,’

Cried Adriano, ‘ and the man who thinks
Will act like Cæsar, for no public good
Can flow from private vengeance. ’Tis our part,
As Christians, to forget the wrongs we feel,
To pardon trespasses, our very foes
To love and cherish, to do good to all.

Live peaceably and not avenge ourselves.
And he who, spite of duty, fights and falls,
Runs on the sword, and is his own assassin.
Who sheds another's blood is guilty murder ;
No matter what the cause, for hear the law :
Who sheds man's blood, by man his blood be shed *.
E'en of the beast will I require man's life.
Who kills his neighbour, be it with design,
Whether they strive or not, he surely dies.
Strike with a stone, with iron, or with wood †,
Or, only with the hand, if life be lost,
'Tis death. The land defil'd by blood is cleans'd
But by his blood who shed it.' Think of this,
My hasty friend, and let an old man's words
Sink deep into thy heart. I had a son,
Who fell an early victim to the sword,
(May God forgive him !) and it grieves my soul
To find the times so thoughtless, they have lost
All sense of virtue. 'Tis a grievous sight
‡ To see brave youths of towardness and hope,

* Gen. ix. 5.

† Exod. xxi. Numb. xxxv.

‡ Bacon.

Sons of the morning, cast away and lost,
Short-liv'd and transient as the meadow-flow'rs
Before the mower's scythe ; to see the blood
Ignobly shed, whose efforts might have won
A day of glory, and preserv'd a state.
Was Sidney such ? was Wolfe ? was Manners ? These
Are Britain's boast, the noblest ornaments
That grace the story of our happy isle.'

‘ And what,’ said Fred’ric, ‘ is the cause assign’d
To vindicate the duel ? Is it wrong,
Intolerable wrong ? Then seek the law ;
Let public justice in her even scales
Weigh the vast injury, and fix the price
Shall recompense th’ affront. The private eye
Sees double for itself, and to the foe
Allows no merit. Is the cause so small
The law o’erlooks it ? Then a gen’rous mind
Should scorn a recompense.’

‘ The noble soul,’
Said Adriano, ‘ like a summer sea,

Is not to be disturb'd by ev'ry breath.
It stands above weak insult, like an Alp,
That hides its sunny forehead in the sky,
And scorns the pelting of the storm below.
True courage seldom stoops to weigh a word.
The blow not always moves it, and it strikes
Then only, when the gen'ral good requires.
It feels that life and all we have is due
To them we serve, our country and our God.
When these command, it dares oppose all ill ;
But deems it neither honest, just, nor brave,
To combat danger, when they both forbid.
It guards its station with a watchful eye,
Willing to act, or patient to forbear,
As duty gives the word. For well it knows,
True magnanimity is so to live
As never to infringe the laws of God,
Or break the public peace. Let the shrill tongue
Of defamation prate, and her loud rout
Decree a coward's name to him who hears
The lie unmov'd, and will not dare to fight
E'en for a blow. 'Tis fortitude to bear ;

And he who cannot bear, but stakes his life
To win the praises of a herd like this,
Who hardly know a virtue from a vice,
And leaves the approbation of his God,
His country, and a conscience free from guilt,
What is he but a coward ? He prefers
The poor applause of women and of fools,
To inward peace and everlasting joy ;
Afraid to combat with the world's disgrace,
Which gives no torment to a wise man's heart,
Lasts but a day, and with to-morrow's sun
Goes down and is forgot.'

‘ O I abhor,’

Said Fred'ric hastily, ‘ the moody shout
Of popular applause, which falls by chance
On virtue or on vice, and not discerns
The better claim of the devout and good.
For all the praises of a world like this
Who would be great ? Give me a thousand tomes
Of such applause, I'll tear 'em piece by piece,
And trample all my honour in the dust.

Is there a man whose judgment is exact ?
To earn his praise I'd climb the arduous top
Of burning Etna, were it thrice as high
As yon bright moon, and one eternal snow
To the last foot ; I'd dive into the deep ;
I'd dig down to the centre of the earth ;
I'd take the eagle's wings, and mount the skies,
And follow virtue to her seat in heaven.'

‘ Aye, gen'rous youth,’ said Adriano, pleas'd,
‘ 'Tis noble to deserve the wise man's praise.
Such is the man of honour. Only he
Is great and honourable, who fears the breach
Of laws divine or human, and foregoes
E'en reputation rather than infringe
The Christian duty. 'Tis the devil's art
To varnish folly, and give vice a mask
To make her look like virtue. Thus to fight,
To murder and be murder'd, tho' the cause
Would hardly justify a moment's wrath,
Is honour, glorious honour. Vulgar eyes
Mistake the semblance, and the specious vice

Passes for sterling virtue. But take heed,
Ingenuous youth, and let th' impostor pass.
Scorn the applause of a misguided mob,
Despise their censures. Can that ear be judge
Of the musician's merit, whose base sense
Can scarce prefer immortal Handel's notes
To the harsh brayings of a pester'd ass ?
Can that eye judge of beauty and desert,
Which scarce distinguishes the sign-post daub
From the great painter, whose ingenious hand
Touches the canvass with a poet's fire ?
Then why permit them to prescribe the bounds
Of courage and of honour ? Be assur'd
The joint applause of twenty million such
Confers no dignity. 'Tis nobler far
To bear the lash of slander, and be styl'd
Scoundrel and coward with a mind at ease,
Sure to be honour'd by the great above,
Tho' slighted by the little here. Be first,
Ye men of place and fashion, on whose deeds
The vulgar eye for ever is intent,
Their very garments modelling from you—

Be first to recommend a steady mind,
Serene and patient, by no wrongs provok'd
To thirst for blood. An ornament it is
Shall give you greatness in an angel's eyes,
Shall raise you all to thrones no pow'r can shake,
For ever honour'd and for ever lov'd.'

He said, and scarce had ended, when the sound
Of footsteps nimbly pacing reach'd his ear.
The hazels rustled, and with cheerful smile
Sophia from the shade emerg'd. The moon
Shone full upon her, and her mellow beams
Improv'd a countenance serene as her's.
She seem'd an angel stepping from the clouds
With happiness for man: 'And why,' she said,
'Why do you loiter here? O we have long'd,
Have long'd to see you. We have danc'd an age,
And wish'd for you to help. Come, Sir, and see
How gracefully Maria leads the dance.
She's life itself. I never saw a foot
So nimble and so eloquent. It speaks,
And the sweet whisp'ring poetry it makes

Shames the musician. Fred'ric come, be quick,
For Anna waits, and waits with patience yet.'

'Stay but a moment,' Adriano cried;
'For here is one it grieves me to dismiss.'

'O let him join us!' said the cheerful maid;
'Maria charg'd me to forgive him. She
Can bear no malice. And do you forgive;
I know you to be good, and I engage
To be his partner in the dance.'

She said.

The good man solemnly forgave. The youth
Felt true compunction, and his fault excus'd
With shame and tears. Then Fred'ric took his hand,
In transport home they went, and Ronsart dress'd,
And Adriano led him to the room.
Much shame he felt; but the good man was kind,
And interceded, and they all forgave.
Gilbert shook hands, and ev'ry maid was pleas'd.
Sophia pitied her embarrass'd swain,

And swept her fingers o'er the loud guitar
Provoking to the dance. The fiddler heard,
And tun'd his strings, and 'gan a lively air.
Then Gilbert seiz'd again Maria's hand,
And led her to the top ; then Fred'ric ran,
And Anna bounded to receive his hand :
Good Adriano rested, Ronsart rose,
And kind Sophia beckon'd with a smile.
So merrily they danc'd one speedy hour
Ere the last meal began. At length they ceas'd.
Then much they chatted, and as much they sang,
Each by his partner seated. To delight
Was ev'ry fair one's wish, and ev'ry youth's,
And all were pleas'd. E'en Adriano's eye
Sparkled with honest joy, tho' seventy years
Had somewhat dimm'd its lustre ; and his cheek
Show'd yet some traces of the youthful blush,
Warm'd by the hearty laugh.

At length the clock
Sounded the midnight hour, and up they rose.
Each to his home retreats, engag'd to rise

And meet his charmer by the morning dawn
At Adriano's door. To the lone cot,
Never so long deserted, Gilbert hastes,
In either hand a sister. To the inn
(If such the village-hovel may be call'd,
Where the high-lifted bush, well understood,
Alone proclaims ' Good entertainment here
For man and horse') speeds Fred'ric and his friend,
With high commissions charg'd. To her own room,
With blessings loaded by her joyous sire,
And pure affection's thrice-repeated kiss,
Withdrew Maria, happy as a cherub.

HE slept in peace ; but scarce one short-liv'd hour
Her watchful eye-lids clos'd. Excessive joy
Burn'd on her cheek and bounded in her heart.
Nor car'd she much for sleep, while certain bliss
Gave ease to vigilance, but envious sleep
Cheated her fancy with a thousand dreams
Of Gilbert struggling with the furious waves,

And asking life in vain. At length day rose,
Wak'd by the lark, and from her bed she sprung.
The early breakfast she prepar'd, herself
Attir'd, and wak'd her father. Scarce had he
Forsook his chamber, when the hasty rap
Announc'd young Gilbert and his sisters. Joy
Maria's cheek suffus'd, and with glad heart
Her friends she welcom'd ; chiefly thee, fond youth !
For six long hours (O what an age in love !)
Not seen or heard.

And now the sounding hoofs
Of steeds quick-pacing echo through the wood.
The frequent lash resounds, and the brisk wheel
Runs lightly clatt'ring o'er the velvet sward.
Soon to the door came Fred'ric and his friend.
Each in his chaise with looks of gladness sat.
One horse drove each, another led behind.
They hail their happy friends, and now descend,
And all are seated at the cheerful board.

Not long they sat, impatient to be gone.

The door is fasten'd, Adriano mounts,
And Gilbert at his right hand holds the whip ;
Maria sits between. His Anna's arm
Fred'ric supports, and lifts her to her seat,
Then follows after. Ronsart's willing hand
Sophia's foot sustains, and to her throne
Upon the prancing steed she neatly springs,
Light as the climbing vapour. Proud is he
To be so mounted, and his silver bit
Haughtily champs, and shakes his flowing mane,
And paws the earth. Then Ronsart strode his steed ;
Young Gilbert's whip the sounding signal gave,
And all departed. One desirous look
Back on the lonely cot Maria cast,
And shed a tear at parting. Due regret
Good Adriano felt, and his moist eye
And falt'ring tongue confess'd the swelling heart
Unwillingly betray'd. Ah ! they are gone.

Deserted roof, O how shall I forsake
Thee ! the best ornament my song can boast,
Parent of happiness that seldom fail'd,

Source of sweet peace, that never ceas'd, and fled
But to return with transport. Who shall lead
The vine's luxuriant branch and purple fruit
About thy casements now ? Who shall regard
The creeping ivy round thy chimney wound,
And o'er thy thatch in dark profusion spread ?
Who shall invite the oak's unbrageous arm ?
Who shall frequent the beech, and on the bench
Under his wholesome shade sweet lectures read,
To guide his offspring in the ways of truth ?
Who shall improve thy bow'r, and turn thy soil,
Who prune thy fruit-trees, and protect thy flow'rs,
Who weed the gravel at thy door ? All this
Will I—O undisturb'd retreat, thy still,
Thy secret pleasures shall be all I ask,
Shut out for ever from the noise of men.

But thou art dumb—thy looks, thy walks, thy views,
Have no sweet voice to captivate my ear.
Thy music does not speak. I smile indeed,
And see thee smile again ; but all thy sounds
Are but the feeble echoes of my own.

My ear is hungry, and my eye athirst,
For her whom Adam, earth's primeval lord,
Found wanting never seen, and without whom
E'en Paradise was painful. Let me feast
On the sweet tones of melody and sense
In soft persuasion dropping from the tongue
Of lovely woman ; let me drink her smiles,
The beverage of love, and from her eye
See my own joy reflected, and thence doubled.
Without her all thy charms, forsaken cot,
Court me in vain. Adieu then, humble roof,
Not to be sought, since not to be enjoy'd
Alone. A little longer with the world
I mix ; a little longer hear the shout
Of clam'rous, factious, discontented man ;
A little longer bear the beldam's frown,
The hiss of slander, and the sneer of pride.
Then shall thy door receive me, never more
To quit thy peaceful shadows, till kind Heav'n,
With her the sole sweet partner of my joys,
Transplant me (of indulgence not deserv'd)
Into a world where charity abounds,

And love shall live for ever and for ever.

So sang the poet, and with speedy step
Went forward to the world. He sought the church,
And saw Maria issue from the porch
In transport led by Gilbert. Anna next
Came smiling forth, to Fred'ric wedded. Then
Cheerful tho' single, and the only maid
Without a mate, Sophia tripp'd along.
The good man follow'd with a face of joy,
And Ronsart. Show'rs of roses strew'd the path,
And sprigs of myrtle, lavender, and bay.
The chaises both are fill'd, the steeds remounted,
And through the village street I saw them pass,
While ev'ry door and ev'ry window throng'd,
And ev'ry countenance was full of mirth,
And merrily the bells rang round. And I
Stood thrilling as they went, for in my soul
I love the sight of happiness enjoy'd :
Would it were lasting, and not quickly past,
Short as the transports of a wedding-day.

Nor stood I long, for at the wedding feast
I knew this face was welcome, and I went.
And I beheld young Ronsart as he rode
And chatted with Sophia. I beheld
His bashful look and unaffected tears,
When warm with love he loiter'd far behind,
Bewail'd his folly, and in humble tone
Besought the fair one, if her gen'rous heart
Could e'er forget the wickedness he thought,
Could love a stranger of his deeds asham'd,
She would regard his unabating sighs,
And with her hand reward him. I beheld
Sophia's cheek with ardent blushes spread.
I heard her tell him of a man she lov'd,
And he had long lov'd her, and yesternight
The letter Fred'ric brought was penn'd by him,
And he was constant still. Then Ronsart bow'd,
And wav'd his claim, and to his fate resign'd.

To Gilbert's house they came, and I was there,
And shook thy hand, Sophia, and thy lips
Kiss'd with a lover's warmth. I saw the tear

Run trickling from thy eye. I felt thy hand
In ecstacy press mine. I saw thy tongue,
Eager to tell me of an age of news,
Could utter nothing, and was bound like mine
In chains of joy and undissembled love.
I sat beside thee at the feast ; I serv'd ;
I cheer'd thee, and was cheer'd ; I fill'd thy glass ;
I pledg'd thy toast ; I reach'd thee fruit ; I drank,
And with thee sang ; I led thee to the walk ;
I led thee home ; I led thee to the dance.
Time had no durance ; with a prater's tongue
He counted his short hours, and speedy night
Gallop'd her coursers to conclude the day.

Surely the time shall come when once again
Thou shalt adorn the feast, and lead the dance,
Thyself the wedded fair. Cords of restraint
Shall cease to bind me, and the lonely cot
Yield all its pleasures to thy lip and mine.

THE END.

TEARS OF AFFECTION,

A POEM,

OCCASIONED BY

THE DEATH OF A SISTER

TENDERLY BELOVED.



Nos societ tumulus, societ nos obsecro cælum.

SIR T. MORE.

Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi.

LOWTH.



TEARS OF AFFECTION.

'Tis done, 'tis done, the bitter hour is past,
And Isabel, my treasure, my delight,
Is number'd with the dead. I see the hearse
With sable plumes and sullen-footed steeds
The village church approach. I see the corse,
From its dark cell releas'd, by many a hand
Uplifted heavily. I hear the bell
Toll to the slow and melancholy step
Of mute procession, the white priest before,
The mourners following, and in the midst,
Thee my delight, my pleasure, and my hope,
Under the flowing pall. I see my love
Borne thro' the portal of her native church,
Thence never to return. I hear a voice
Consign her to oblivion, dust to dust,
Ashes to ashes.

Everlasting God,
Author of life, and sovereign of death,
Why hast thou stript me of this lovely gem,
The glory of my bosom ? Was my tongue
Unwilling to intreat thee ? Was my knee
Tardy to kneel ? or did my anxious heart
Ask without fervour for the life it sought ?
Mysterious Being, with unceasing prayer
Have I thy throne approach'd, beseeching health
For this my dearest blessing. With large tears
Have I thy grace intreated day and night,
Requesting rather pain and poverty
Than this so bitter loss. Yet still in vain
Have I besought thee, and thy will be done.
I know there is not righteousness in man,
And of the blessings which I yet enjoy
I nothing merit. Loud as I complain'd,
Devoutly as I pray'd, thine ear was shut
Without injustice ; and the pains I feel
Are the due wages of my mean desert.

Eternal God, must I no more enjoy

The genial comforts which thy liberal hand
Once shed about me? Must yon lonely cot
Know me no more? yon wood-besprinkled vale
Echo no longer to my careless song?
No! my sweet treasure Isabel is gone,
And in yon rural mansion lives no more
The Village Curate. To some stranger's eye
Must it unfold its blossoms, the sweet buds
Which art has taught its windows to surround.
To mine they give no pleasure, nor to me
Smiles, as it did, the valley or the brook,
The wood, the coppice, the paternal oak,
Or village steeple station'd on the hill.
No! my sweet treasure Isabel is gone.
Some messenger of God my door has pass'd
From earth returning, saw the beauteous flower,
Transported gather'd it, and in his hand
Bore it to Heav'n rejoicing. Lo! my tears!
They flow for Isabel, whom these my eyes,
When first they wak'd to reason and to sense,
Found a poor friendless infant at my side
In the same cradle sleeping. With a smile

And arms outstretch'd it pleaded for my love,
And won affection which no time could kill,
No accident abate. Our souls were one,
One were our hopes, our pleasures, and our pains.
Wept Isabel ? into her wounded heart
Sweet consolation her companion pour'd.
Droop'd with distemper her unhealthy mate ;
She at his side sat weeping, sooth'd his pain
With gentle eye-drops, and the tender tone
Of sympathy maternal, nor forbore
Till rosy welfare to his cheek return'd.

Then sported they together, from the world
Long time remote, where yon enormous downs
Shoulder the eastern moon. The mountain's side
They scal'd together, on his airy brow
Together loiter'd, and together bowl'd
The bounding flint into the vale below.
Together stood they trembling on the cliff,
'To view the wide unlimited expanse
Of ocean green beneath, what time the storm
His azure realm had troubled, and at large

The tempest-loving porpoise thro' his waves
Flounder'd unheeding. On the pebbly beach
With painful step they travell'd side by side,
Shrunk at the thund'ring downfall of the surge,
And chas'd the flying foam. Never apart
Till Education at her season came,
Sever'd their hands, and bade the boy averse
To learning's distant fane her steps attend.

Yet still tow'rd Isabel's belov'd retreat
A longing eye he cast, her parting tears
Remember'd, her engaging smile, her look
Of meek affection, her impassion'd kiss.
Oft on the spotless sheet with breathing pen
He pour'd the tender sentiment he felt.
She the warm line perus'd, and dwelt with pride
On ev'ry glowing period.

So increas'd
Love not to be subdn'd, and like the moon
To ampler plenitude and sweeter day
Proceeded hourly ; but not like the moon

Increases'd to wane, augmented but to change.
No, my sweet Isabel, thy faithful love
Knew no decline ; from day to day it grew,
From year to year, an amaranthine flower
Unchangeable. With exquisite delight
She welcom'd home the countenance she lov'd,
What time Vacation 'gan his airy dance,
And left Tuition nodding o'er his books
In Academus' shades : with show'r of joy
Welcom'd the day when Education's claims
Drew to a period, and the youth was her's,
Never to leave her more.

Then to the cot,
Not unaccompanied by those they lov'd,
Contented they withdrew. Then life began,
And sweetly pass'd it by their happy door,
While they and health and innocence within
Sat at the board together. There they dwelt,
And often rose in the sweet morn of May,
To watch the slow and timorous return

Of renovated Spring. With eye well-pleas'd
They saw the sun industrious from his couch
Still on the morrow with an earlier smile
His beauteous dawn dispense ; with joyful heart
Noted the progress of the gradual vail
Slowly reviving, saw the op'ning bud
Spread its incautious blossom to the breeze,
The tender leaf for its protection spring,
And gloried to behold the lonely oak
In tardy foliage cloth'd. Yes, day by day
'Twas thy supreme and innocent delight
With me, my Isabel, the plant and flower,
The shrub and the espalier, the high wood,
The hedge-row, field, and orchard to observe,
Each in its turn with vegetative life
Freely endued, and, as its season came,
Clad in peculiar honours. With thy eye
Has mine enchanted round the garden stray'd,
And oft have I beheld thee with a smile
Thy families protecting, raising some,
Some wedding to the marriageable stem,
And some with dew-drops cheering.

Ah ! no more
Must thy sweet converse in the garden shade
My list'ning ear engage. Thou shalt no more
Hear me discourse of wisdom freely shed
On ev'ry work below, and to the sight
Of him who searches easy to be seen.
Our eyes no more upon the bloom of spring
Shall dwell together. Never shall I hear
Thy tongue again the concert of the grove
Applaud, and mark at thy request the strain
Of many a warbler singing to his mate.
The bird of morn, that on the sun-beam floats,
What time he darts it from the deep aslant,
And smites unseen the flecker'd roof of Heav'n,
Shall no more wake thee with his early song
In wild division warbled. Nor again
Her solo anthem shall the bird of night,
Heard with attention, to thy watchful ear
In the still coppice vary. Eve and morn
Participated pleasure shall no more
To us distribute. With thy arm in mine
I shall no more the sober walk enjoy

In the still ev'ning vale, what time the rook
With whisp'ring wing brushes the midway air,
To the high wood impatient to return.
We shall no more yon family of oaks,
Which crowds the bottom of the gloomy vale,
Visit together, when the shades of night
Double the horrors of their mingled boughs.
We shall not listen to the free complaint
Of the day-dreading partridge, oft dispers'd,
And often pitied by thy tongue and mine.
We shall not hear with sympathetic heart
The distant bell, whose deep and equal tone
Tolls to the grave some relative deceas'd,
Some child, some parent, or some spouse belov'd,
And dear to them who follow, as ourselves
Were precious to each other.

No ! dear girl,
Thy own sad knell has toll'd. My wounded heart
Has yearn'd at thy decease, and tho' my foot
Refus'd to follow to the yawning grave

Thy cold remains, my overflowing eye
Has wept thee plenteously. It weeps thee still,
And daily, while I may, the silent spot
Where thy poor reliques rest, with swelling heart
Will I revisit. Daily by thy grave
Will I the luxury of grief profuse
Indulge, and dwell a statue on the spot
Where the dark vault its stony jaws has clos'd
On Isabel my treasure, and ere long
Shall close on me. The solitary walls
Which guard thy corse shall my domestic Muse
With unaffected eulogy inscribe,
And place her breathing tablet o'er thy bones
With the deep sigh of exquisite regret.
My tongue shall oft report thee, and my feet
Rejoice to be detain'd, while at thy side
I tell the moving tale of thy desert.
Here sleeps my Isabel, the brightest gem
Heav'n in my crown had plac'd, my bosom-star,
The sweet companion of my lonely hours,
Whose presence made a moment of a day,

Whose absence makes a century of an hour.
With me she tripp'd upon the airy down,
With me she loiter'd in the sunny vale,
With me applauded nature, ever fair,
Revolve in what vicissitude she will.
In ev'ry season of the beauteous year
Her eye was open, and with studious love
Read the divine Creator in his works.
Chiefly in thee, sweet Spring, when ev'ry nook
Some latent beauty to her wakeful search
Presented, some sweet flow'r, some virtual plant.
In ev'ry native of the hill and vale
She found attraction, and where beauty fail'd,
Applauded odour or commended use.
So was the wild geranium to her breast,
However simple and however plain,
A welcome ornament ; germander so,
With his blue flower on ev'ry bank dispers'd,
No guest impertinent. The humble vetch
Her posy grac'd, and the pale rose of prime.
The orchis elegant, with many a tier
Of fly-resembling blossoms each o'er each

Pagoda-like dispos'd. With tender sense
The pimpernel, which to the humid morn,
Ere yet the shower-shedding cloud appears,
Its bosom closes, and presages wet.
The tansey with its bloom of gold, and leaf
Verdant above, with silver lin'd beneath,
The lujula, which often on the bank
Dwells by the woodland strawberry, and presents
A leaf not less delicious than his fruit,
A flow'r superior.

Such and thousands more,
Leisurely gather'd, have thy hand and breast,
Dear Isabel, adorn'd, while I well pleas'd
Have mark'd thy studious search, and unperceiv'd
Drawn thee thus loit'ring in unutter'd song;
Or idly wound the clasping eglantine
About thy crown, or fill'd thy hair with flow'rs
Of the sweet woodbine, whose maternal branch
Suckles the bee with honey, and the moth.
Yes, gentle maid, thy steps have I pursu'd
In search of summer beauties, and observ'd

Myriads that wak'd me to delight and joy,
But none so fair, so lovely as thyself.
With thee have I admir'd the shady grove,
The sunny champaign, the extensive weald
Scatter'd with steeples, messuages, and mills,
And dwelt on many a pleasurable spot
Of intersected pasture, with its stack,
Cottage and lodge, few sheep and grazing cow,
Deeming content and happiness were there.
With thee have I applauded the deep vale,
Its verdure mellowing as it stole away,
To either margin of a winding stream
Presenting fainter shadows, softer woods ;
With thee beheld with smile affectionate
Our native downs remote, hill behind hill,
Gigantic family, some near, some far,
Withdrawing till their faint expiring tops
Were almost lost and melted into air.
With thee have I delighted still to rove
At morn, at eve, in twilight, and at noon,
Long as sweet summer lasted. Chiefly then
When tufts of primrose smil'd upon the bank,

Gracing the verge of some translucent stream,
Or glassy lake, whose mirror their soft flow'rs
Reflected softer to the loit'rer's eye.

Or when the strawberry with ruddy cheek
Provok'd the finger to be plucking still,
When fragrant honeysuckle his sweet flow'r
Along the hedge-row scatter'd, and the breeze
Of ev'ning freely his perfume dispens'd ;
When blossom'd clover, or the martial bean,
The hayrick newly built, or bitter hop
Emitting from the oast a grateful steam,
Fill'd all the vale with odours. Arm in arm
Have we the dews of ev'ning often met,
And the pale ray of the September moon,
What time ascending with discolour'd cheek
She peer'd above the cloud or highland wood,
And silently improving as she rose
Hung o'er the faded landscape full of light ;
A glorious lamp, to cheer a boundless hall
Floating across the living dome of Heav'n,
Suspended upon nothing. Arm in arm
Have we the sun of morning on the brow

Yet unapparent welcom'd, and his soft
Emergent glory like the bee enjoy'd,
Roving from bank to bank, from hill to hill.
Along the meadow now, or thro' the field
Of sheaves erect, or barley by the scythe
In frequent lines dispos'd, or fertile oat.
Now by the stream, to hear the liquid lapse
Of Rother gliding o'er some pebbly shoal,
Or with hoarse tumult thro' the foamy dam
And idle mill-wheel falling. Homeward now
Thro' many a garden which the foster'd hop
Shades with his branch prolific, yet untouch'd :
Now to some quarter where his honours fall,
Thro' many a family who pluck his flow'rs,
And fill the bin with gold, there to delay
And haply some assist the pole to strip,
Bestowing freely a few moments toil
To mark how industry her task pursues,
With finger never weary, singing still.
Now to the village, whose aspiring church
High on a hillock in the valley stands,
And smiles with glory in the rising sun.

As if it lov'd the prospect it adorns.
How sweet the pleasure then, in some lone nook
Under a precipice, or lofty wood,
To pause and listen, while the village bells,
By distance mellow'd, their melodious tones
Each after other to the feeding ear
Softly persuasive utter'd ; faintly heard
Sometimes, and scarce more audible, remote,
Than the mellifluous octave, gently touch'd
By some impassion'd songstress, to relieve
Her soul-subduing song ; sometimes more bold,
A sweet harmonious diapason swell
Of gradual increase, by the breeze at length
In loud confusion huddled on the ear,
Till echo chid them, and they died again.

Alas ! such pleasures shall be mine no more.
My lov'd companion, whose endearing smile
And sensible remark made all things sweet,
Attends my paths no more. My gentle friend

Is snatch'd away to Heav'n. Content is gone,
And sorrow saddens every step I tread.
Dear spirit, come again. In some lone hour,
While thus I sit in melancholy thought,
With eyes intent upon the quiv'ring flame
That plays along the hearth, and shed my tears
Without reluctance, open wide the door,
Steal to my side unseen, and with a kiss,
As often wont, my reverie disperse.
Recall me with a smile from the dark gloom
Of woe and discontent, and once again
Bring to my side sweet peace ; for she is fled,
And has been long departed. When disease
First prey'd on thee, my treasure, she withdrew,
And wander'd God knows whither. Cruel maid !
She left me tho' I lov'd her, and is gone
With those to linger who shall prize her less.
Then come again, dear spirit, come again,
And let thy smile exhilarate a soul
Which cannot live and be content alone.
I will esteem thee more and chide thee less,
And nothing utter which thy heart shall wound,

Tho' death divide us never. Want of ease,
And frequent sense of agony conceal'd,
Has sometimes made me in the wayward hour
E'en thee, thou blameless innocent, reprove ;
And thou hast wept to ease an aching heart,
Which almost burst at my undue rebuke.
Return again, sweet spirit. Let me weep,
And make atonement for the wrong I own.
Thou wilt not blame me. Guilty as I am,
Forgiveness shall be mine. Wert thou my judge,
My debt of trespass would be small indeed.

Come let me hold thee with a father's love,
And yield thee benefits thrice more in weight
Than father ever on his child bestow'd.
Thou art my daughter. When my weeping Muse
The filial Marg'ret drew, she copied thee.
Nor can I deem thee to the brilliant gem
Of More inferior, tho' with justice styl'd
The grace of Britain *. Piety was thine,

* *Britanniæ decus.*—*Erasm.*

As piety was her's. Good humour, love,
Compassion, pleasantry, and soft address,
Exterior symbols of a mind within
Gentle, humane, and friendly, grac'd you both.
Both from attentive childhood's earliest hour
Were by the Muses nurtur'd. Marg'ret's eye
Delighted ever on the page to dwell
Of sweet instruction, and no leisure hour
Neglected Isabel, and not improv'd ;
Pursuing still the multifarious tale
Of general story, of the world at large
Discoursing, ancient continent and new,
Of kingdoms born, and mighty states deceas'd,
Of wars and victories and routed hosts,
And millions slain, of whom and of their deeds,
But in the classic page, no trace exists.
Now to the changes of her native isle
Strictly attentive, from its earliest birth
The growth of pow'r she trac'd, and gradual rise
Of commerce, feeble in its first essay,
Spreading another and another sail,
Till ocean swarm'd with ventures, till excess

Came to the shores, till luxury began,
And exquisite refinement wondrous nice
Allow'd no blemish in the work she sought.
The birth of learning then, and childish march
Of science, yet an infant led by strings,
She mark'd, and thro' successive ages watch'd
The puny stripling till he grew to man.
With sages thus which every age adorn'd,
Philosophers and scholars she ere long
Had intimate acquaintance, and the tale
Of anecdote peculiar still pursued,
And gloried to remember. Ye whose pens
In moral lesson have your country taught,
Say which of you she knew not ? studious ever
Of your instructive and amusing line,
Whether it march'd in solemn state along,
Or wanton'd idly to arrest the eye,
And lead the slumb'ring judgment unawares
To sense of duty. Which of you, ye bards,
Had she not follow'd thro' your airy flights ?
Whether aloft in Epic song sublime
And bold Pindaric soaring, or beneath

Flutt'ring in humble verse, or steadier song
Warbling suspended in the midway heav'n.
From the wild terrace of the British muse
She ev'ry flow'r had gather'd, and dispos'd
In cabinet secure her posied sweets,
The weed rejecting ever. Witness these
So neatly penn'd, so carefully preserv'd,
Volumes of beauty, for the leisure eye
And faithless memory copied. Prospers here
The puniest blossom of the classic muse,
Here flourishes the fairest. Chiefly thine,
Thou bard of nature, Shakspeare. Milton, thine ;
Thine, Dryden, from a mound of rubbish cull'd,
Yet not inferior to the best that blow.
Thine, Spenser, to the antiquarian eye
Soberly pleasing. Butler, thine, replete
With learning, sense, and wit. Roscommon, thine,
Judicious, elegant ; and, Otway, thine,
Applauded and reprov'd. Thine, Pope, as gems
Not seldom lustrous, sometimes tinsel-ray'd.
Thine, gentle Pomfret, not to be despis'd ;

And, nebulous Blackmore, thine. Thine, charming

Rowe,

Politest grace of the dramatic page ;

And thine, poetic Prior. Parnel, thine,

To me of lovely fragrance. Thomson thine ;

And thine, more musical, descriptive less,

Young, in whose tedious and protracted song

Still gleams and still expires the cloudy day

Of genuine poetry. Thine too are there,

Impetuous Akenside, as thunder strong.

Thine, awful, pleasing, persecuted Gray.

Thine, lovelorn Lyttelton ; and, Shenstone, thine,

An artificial nosegay made of shells.

And thine, not least esteem'd, tho' latest nam'd,

Ingenious Cowper. From thy various Muse,

Sweet bard, she frequent entertainment sought,

Nor long could seek in vain. Upon thy page

Her eye was feeding, when invidious death

Her bosom wounded with his poison'd shaft.

And soon she thought thy labour to repay

With some fair pledge of honour and esteem,

By her own art accomplish'd. Time to come,
Far as the ken of certainty may reach,
She to display had purpos'd, and thine ear
With sweet prophetic narrative to feed
As long as hunger would. For she had skill
The moon from her high orbit to decoy,
And hold her spell-bound in the midst of Heav'n,
While she propounded question, at what hour
The phasy wand'rer with decreasing orb
Her course anomalous fulfill'd unseen;
Or at what hour with half replenish'd horn
She grac'd the brow of eve, or when replete
Rose in full glory in the belt of night.
Then question sprung, if in her annual course
Ofttimes the world embracing, thro' the band
Which marks the fancied circuit of the sun
At her renewal, or her full-fac'd hour,
She pass'd. Affirmative reply with style
Correct was noted, and from thence arose
Examen nice, how near or how remote
The node she sail'd to, or the node she left;
And whether as she journey'd, void or fill'd,

She touch'd the distant shadow of the earth,
Or shadow'd earth herself. Earth's shadow then
Was feebly pictur'd, and the point exact
By computation noted, where the orb
Of night first smote it, and her borrow'd beam
Slowly submitted, till her faded cheek
Was all with wan deliquium sicklied o'er.
Her central course athwart the shade she cross'd,
And ev'ry moment of her pallid march
Were represented then, till her thick veil
Earth drew aside, impatient of delay,
And the sweet loss she mourn'd. Then glow'd anew
The silver crescent with improving horn,
And the fair orb thro' all her changes pass'd
Of wane and increase in a summer's eve.
The moon thus portray'd in her languid hour,
Question arose what time her rayless orb
The sunbeam intercepted, and how large
The portion sever'd from his ardent globe
By her intruding disc ; at what bright hour
She 'gan invade him, and her central path,
Whether it smote his axis in the midst,

Total eclipse inducing, or a ring
Of glory sparing on his utmost skirt.

Such arduous queries would the fair one ask,
And reason answer'd, on her spotless blank
The luminaries painting, each in turn
Involv'd in partial or in total gloom ;
The one long struggling with her adverse hour,
The other soon victorious. Nor alone
Computed she the labours of the moon
Or parent sun, as their expiring balls
The passant year alarm'd, or years to come
Clouded with idle terrors yet unborn.
Into the dark abysm of ages past
An eye inquisitive she threw, and oft
The credulous historian, copying still
The date erroneous, with unerring art
Chastis'd and rectified, the glorious fact
To its lost hour restoring, till the page
Of maim'd chronology spake truth alone.

Such was thy skill, dear maid, by nature taught

The maze of heavenly motions to explore.
Nor this thy only art ; in numbers vers'd,
And able early to untie with ease
The problematic knot, howe'er delay'd
By fraction cumbersome, and hard to rule.
Thine was the pow'r, when calculation swarm'd
With digits numberless, and scarce could urge
Her toilsome process, by unwieldy size
Retarded, to conduct with ease the mind
Thro' all its movements to the truth it sought
By that sweet art of the wild Arab learn'd.
Compendious method, whose disputing march
Relieves the soul of effort, and cuts short
The labour of attention, making truth
To him who millions agitates involv'd
No longer vex'd and tedious, nor to him
Who geometric inference pursues,
Still on the letter'd diagram intent.

Thine also was the art, to touch with skill
And various feeling the persuasive stop
Of organ mellow-ton'd, slow movement first

And solemn fingering, till the lapt soul
With sweet indulgence satiated 'gan doze
As if by opium lull'd, and ill perceiv'd
The melting lapse of diapason sounds,
Harmonious combination falling slow
Into a tremulous expiring close.
Then the brisk fugue with captivating air,
Expressive pause, and tone distinct and loud,
Led like some active hero to the field,
Led and was follow'd by battalions firm,
Till universal uproar fill'd the ear.
Then follow'd tender air, that stole along
Like softest poetry, whose dying fall
Might ravish Heav'n itself. Then solemn march,
Impulse scarce needing of the pow'rful trump
And loud reverberating drum, to wake
Reposing valour to gigantic deeds.
Then air accompanied by verse and voice,
Haply of Handel's muse, for some sweet grace
Selected and esteem'd, haply deriv'd
From genius less improv'd, from living art,
Which seldom to the judgment dares appeal,

Her song compiling for the ear alone.
Religious anthem then thy spreading hand
With its full concord swell'd, whether it breath'd
Melodious solo or harmonious verse,
Or shouted chorus awfully devout,
Enrich'd with all the mysteries of tone.

What grace had music which to thee was new
Or hard to copy, evermore intent
Upon her learned pleasure-giving page ?
And yet not so intent, but that thy eye
Would often hunger for sedater fare,
Would thirst th' amusing characters of Greece
In Homer's line to read, and drink the stream
Of pure Castalius genuine as it fell.
Nor of that fount alone, but of the fount
Of God, whence prophets their sublimer draught
Drew, till the plenteous bev'rage on their lips
Kindled divine enthusiasm, long'd thy soul
To taste with freedom. Hence thy brave attempt
To climb the mountain of Judæan writ,
Till nought of Hebrew rudiment thy search

Or memory escap'd. The key was thine
The ark of ancient promise to unlock,
And there the sacred leaf, to others dumb,
To scan and to interpret for thyself.
Yet slighted not thy truth-adoring soul
The volume of translation, long esteem'd
And executed well, nor needing yet,
Save here and there, a sense-restoring touch.
Thence drew thy judgment a continual feast,
The chain of prophecy expounding still,
Link after link, as story lent thee light,
And tracing with conviction the strong proof
Of Christian verity, still free to doubt
And nothing credulous, yet yielding still
To equal testimony brave assent.

SUCH were the treasures of thy active mind,
Ingenious Isabel ; such the sweet arts
Which made thee to a brother dear indeed ;
That not the pious child of More to him

Seem'd to possess, enchanting as she was,
Of mental beauty a more ample share.
Yet, lovely as thou wert, thy hour is past,
Thy beaming day is ended. Thou art gone,
Fleeting and transient as the cloud of morn,
And only this poor feeble outline lives,
This stol'n resemblance of thy trembling shade,
Cast by the midnight taper on the wall,
And sorrowfully pencil'd ere thy lips
Were cold in death. Yes, this poor shade alone
Is all that Heav'n has left me, and e'en this
Had not been mine to weep o'er and to love,
But that my daring pencil, spite of grief,
The feature copied when the soul was fled.
Dear welcome image, in my bosom dwell.
Forsake me never. Let me love thee still,
And often gaze upon thy lifeless cheek
Till blinded sorrow has no eye to see.
Let me the kiss of ecstasy imprint
On thy cold lips, oft as my sinking soul
With recollection bows of those dear hours
When thy belov'd original was mine,

To speak to and caress. Then go in peace,
And to the mansion of my heart return,
Whence none but death shall pluck thee. There repose
In mute security till life be spent.
Nought that reminds me of the maid I lov'd,
Nor aught that she applauded or esteem'd,
Shall from my sight depart. Therefore shall you,
Ye gentle doves, familiar to the hand,
Whom goodness long experienc'd has made tame
And nothing fearful of the touch of man,
Under my roof still live, and still enjoy
Provision plenteous. Isabel your lives
Redeem'd for pity, and the debt forgave :
Dying herself, your liberty she ask'd
Of thirsty violence ; and ye shall fall,
When nature pleases, without shedding blood.
And thou too, tabby fav'rite, tho' thy eye
Stranger to tears no sorrow has express'd,
Still sporting on the hearth, tho' Isabel,
Thy fond protectress, is thy friend no more,
Thou, gentle kitten, shalt no morning-meal

With slender tone petitionary ask,
But I will yield it. Sit upon my knee,
And whisper pleasure, gratitude, and love,
For favour well bestow'd : thy silky neck
Still offer to the pressure of my hand,
And fear no evil : frisk upon the floor,
And cuff the cushion or suspended cork
Till riot make thee weary : slumber then
In the warm sunbeam on the window's ledge,
Till from thy fur the spark electric spring ;
Or doze upon the elbow of my chair,
Or on my shoulder, or my knee, while I,
Lost in some dream of happiness deceas'd,
Steal from reflection pleasure, and beguile
A morning's march across the vale of life
By musing upon comforts now no more.
Or if sweet sleep not please thee, with the cord
And dangling tassel of the curtain play,
Or seize the grumbling hornet, or pert wasp,
Intruding ever, while I smile remote
At danger brav'd by vent'rous ignorance
And anger ill-escap'd. Only forbear

To tease the fly and inoffensive moth,
As Isabel forbade thee. Least of all
Fasten thy talons on the fenceless dove,
For that were murder not to be excus'd.

O CHANGEABLE and fleeting world ! The hour
E'en now, by time's repeating tongue announc'd,
Completes the circle of twelve speedy months
Since I my Isabel, with heart elate
And proud of its possession, at the ball
Beheld triumphant ; since her rapid hand
The harp's sweet strings with emulation smote,
And easily victorious won the palm,
Yet blush'd to take it as not well deserv'd.
Where is she now ? O soul-distracting thought !
Open thy caverns, earth, and bless my sight
With one short interview of her I mourn.
And thou, great God, forgive me, if I burst
The portal of the grave, ill-reconcil'd
To this thy hard decree. Ye silent dead,

I come to weep in your profound abodes,
To shed my tears within your mould'ring vaults,
Mid eyeless skulls and dissipated bones.
I have a father somewhere. Here he lies.
Good man, I much respect thee, tho' my tears
Grac'd not thy fun'ral hour ; a child too young
To know the value of the friend he lost.
Repose in peace. Thy children shall be mine.
I come not now to weep thee, but to seek
My long-lov'd Isabel, of all thy train
Save one the youngest, and of all thy train
Excepting none the loveliest. Here she sleeps,
Known to a father scarce twelve little moons,
To me a daughter for twelve precious years
Twice told. Thou tenant of the gloomy vault,
Whom these dark boards have prison'd from my sight,
Thou sleeping angel, in a treble chest
Thrice lock'd and bolted, let me the harsh screw,
Which thy sweet smile confines, from its firm hold
Wrench hatefully away : let me the seam,
Which o'er thy silent innermost recess
Strong cement closes, resolutely burst,

To view thy welcome countenance again.
Where are the lips, which mine so oft have press'd
In joyous welcome and in sad adieu ?
Where are the eyes, which ne'er encounter'd these
But to relate, in eloquence how sweet,
In poetry how charming, the soft tale
Of daughterly affection ? Where, oh where
Is the sweet voice that charm'd my soul to rest,
And made my cottage but a step from Heav'n ?
Where is the hand, so welcome to my touch,
So skill'd to gratify my thirsting ear
With harmony's full measure of delight ?
Obstruction hence ! impediment away !
Tho' universal hell my arm oppose
I will again behold her. Lend me, Death,
Lend me, grim monster, thy eternal bar,
Thy massy lever, that upheaves the lid
Of the mephitic marble-jaw'd abyss,
And I shall all prevail. Lo ! it is done.

Ah me ! is this my Isabel ? Are these
The lips where health his odoriferous gales

And vernal roses shed ? Are these the balls
Whose dew so often fell to sooth my pain
Or welcome my return, provoking still
The latent sympathy my looks denied,
Till my heart melted and my eye o'erflow'd ?
Are these the fingers that so charm'd my ear ?
Is this the hand that dwelt upon my arm
So many summers in the ev'ning walk ?
The hand that serv'd me with good-will so free,
Guided the pen so fairly, and the heart
So sweetly portray'd on the vacant leaf ?
How chang'd and how disguis'd ! Dear lovely maid,
These wasted features, and this dread attire,
Deprive thee of all semblance. But for these
External horrors which thy limbs enclose,
And this thy name engraven, I should deem
Delusion bound me in her subtle chain :
Whither, oh whither is thy beauty fled ?

Great God of change, unchangeable thyself,
How transient are thy works ! The very world
Is but a beauteous flow'r, whose sweet leaves

Still fade to flourish, still revive to die.
The tide once overwhelm'd it, and the frown
Of Him who made it has its tender branch
Oft wither'd. It shall perish once again
E'en to the root, and yet revive and live.
And so shalt thou, sweet Isabel, return.
Heav'n speed the day ! Eternal Deity,
Be it thy pleasure to restore her soon.
Restore her now. Let my unhallow'd lips
The word convey. Archangel, blow the trump,
And send thy death-subduing summons forth,
That hell may hear and tremble : let old earth
Quake to her broad foundations at thy blast,
And gasp and heave with agonies intense
To give her kindred millions second birth :
Let Heav'n be open'd, and the spotless Judge
Upon the clouds descend, the shout of Gods
Wafting his chariot to the world he won.
I will not fly, tho' conscious of offence,
And many a talent wasted and ill-us'd,
Till I have seen my Isabel awake
To bless me with a smile. Why stays the hour ?

Why slumbers justice at her chariot side ?
Have I no voice in Heav'n ? Then sorrow come,
And shed no drop of comfort in my cup ;
Here let me die, the victim of regret,
And sleep till mercy wake me, till relief
Wipe all away my tears, and bid me live,
For misery is no more. Close at thy side,
Ingenious Isabel, let me be laid,
Never to leave thee : may the daring wretch
Who parts my bones from thine, feel never peace,
But sigh for agonies severe as these.
Sweet maid, I lov'd and rear'd thee as I could,
And ask forgiveness that I did no more.

Must I still live ? Great God, at thy command
I close my lips. I will no more complain.
I will return to life, however sharp,
Nor quit it till thy summons call me hence.
Adieu, my love, sweet Isabel, adieu !
My lost companion, exquisitely dear,
I leave thy cold and solitary cell
To visit life again ; I shall not long

Be absent from thy side ; these ling'ring pains,
Effect of vigilance and much concern
And fretful melancholy, pining still
For thee my treasure lost, will yet prevail,
And weigh me down to death : departed maid,
Soon to thy side I come : and, bounteous God,
Grant me this blessing, never to be mov'd
From this my spot of coveted repose
Till the loud trump of resurrection blow.
Then (hear me Heav'n !) let these lamenting eyes,
Which saw my lovely Isabel depart,
First wake to endless being, and with tears
Of joy profuse her renovation mark.
Let me behold her, as the gentle warmth
Of life rekindles, as her glowing cheek
The hue of health recovers, as her pulse
Begins again to throb, her lip to breathe ;
Then let me wake her with an ardent kiss,
And with a flood of transport bless the day
Which makes her mine for ever. Day remote,
And long to be expected : for not yet
Shall pass this world away : nor yet shall come

The fun'ral of the globe, tho' earth be old,
And oft betray her symptom of decline.
No ! I have long to tarry ere the morn
Of restoration dawn, and many a slow
And weary winter must I urge away :
Distress and sickness, sorrow, care, and pain,
Must I endure alone ; shed many tears,
Lament for comforts gone, and thro' the dark
And dismal cave of dissolution march,
Ere I can meet my Isabel again.
And even then my pittance of desert
Shall ill entitle me her bliss to share,
Tho' Heav'n be bountiful, and much forgive ;
Tho' it attribute merits not our own
To us who need. Then what is life to me ?
The cage of discontent, dark prison-house
Of sorrow and complaint, which I nor dare
To quit, nor hope to dwell in. Happier days
Once found me loit'ring, but such days are fled.

Yes, I was happier once, and fondly sung
Of comforts not dissembled, of my cot,

And sweet amusements which attract no more.
Methought my song should ever be content,
Plac'd by my God where I was richly bless'd,
In such a nook of life, that I nor wish'd
Nor fancied aught that could have pleas'd me more.
So sings the summer linnet on the bough,
And, pleas'd with the warm sunbeam, half asleep,
The feeble sonnet of supine content
To his Creator warbles ; warbles sweet,
And not contemn'd, till some unfeeling boy
His piece unheeded levels, and with show'r
Of leaden mischief his ill-utter'd song
Suddenly closes : pines the songster then,
Wounded and scar'd, flutters from bough to bough,
Complains and dies ; or lingers life away
In silent anguish, and is heard no more.

MY God, have I arraign'd thee ? Let thy bow
Ten thousand arrows in this bosom fix,
Yet will I own thee just. Take all away ;

Leave me no friend, but let me weep alone
At mute affliction's solitary board.
Summon Cecilia to an early grave,
And let her tribe of cheerful graces fade,
Fast as the flow'r she gathers : let the worm
Prey on the roses of Eliza's cheek :
Yet will I bless thee. For to this harsh world
I came a beggar, but sufficient bread
I have never needed ; thy indulgent hand
Fed and sustain'd me, and sustains me still ;
Nor feel I hardship which thy partial rod
To me alone dispenses : bitter loss,
Sorrow and misery o'erflow the cup
Of many a soul more innocent than mine.

Behold yon village church, whose humble tow'r
Stands in a vale between two lofty hills
Upon the confines of the winter's flood ;
There Caroletta sleeps. Poor hapless girl !
She saw a daring brother bound in chains,
And visited his dungeon—saw the sword
Of angry justice waving o'er his head—

Blush'd for his shame—absconded from the world—
Pin'd into sickness—and, the culprit dead,
Close at his heels went down into the grave.
So beauty, virtue, piety, and youth,
Fell in an instant, and the scythe of time
Cut from the root, with one determin'd blow,
The noisome thistle and the harmless rose.
A rose too delicate and winning fair
For the deserted village where it grew,
And happily remov'd to bloom in Heav'n.

Conduct thine eye along that chain of hills,
Observe a steeple at the mountain's foot,
Girded by woodland ; there Aurelia liv'd,
And to her happy spouse, the Vicar, bore
Six smiling infants. To maturer years
Each rose in turn, but, ere the hour was past
Which childhood limits, one grew sick and died :
Another linger'd, and another fell :
A third departed ; and thus clos'd the grave
On three sweet maidens in the bloom of life :
A duteous son then fell, by frenzy seiz'd,

Ere education her expensive work
Had well accomplish'd, and the letter'd youth
Dismiss'd a graduate : yet another liv'd,
But liv'd remote upon the Indian shore,
Nor there liv'd long, but died : the Vicar then
To Heav'n was summon'd, and his weeping spouse,
With only one poor sickly daughter left,
Fled from the vale, and was not heard of more.

Then let not me complain, but o'er thy grave,
Departed Isabel, my tablet place,
And to my hearth return ; content that Heav'n,
Which all might challenge, has yet spar'd me much.
' Adieu, sweet maid, whom death untimely smote,
As eager winter nips the bud of spring,
For blossoming too early. Here secure,
While judgment tarries, in the dust repose,
And while, less happy thro' the vale of life,
We toil in tears without thee. Yet not long
Shall death divide us : swift as the dove's wing
Shall pass the moments of this changeful stage,
And soon our bones shall meet : here will we sleep,

Here wake together, and from hence ascend
(If haply innocence like thine be ours)
To love which no affliction shall disturb.'

Ye kind and cheerful partners of my roof,
Receive me once again, and once again,
Welcome associates of my humble board,
Smile at my entrance, and assuage my pain
With pure esteem's reiterated kiss.
Cecilia, let thy finger fill my ear
With the sweet concord of subduing sounds,
Prelude to serious song. Let thy free voice,
Eliza, sooth me with some plaintive air,
Till peace and comfort fill my breast again.
Steal me away from grief, and grief from me.
Let not your hearts be sad, tho' on my cheek
Dull melancholy dwell, and from my brow
Depart reluctant as the low'ring gloom
Of mid-November : yet this cloud shall pass,
And float away with sensible retreat
In the returning sunshine of content.
This frown of winter shall again be chas'd

By the sweet smile of spring : summer shall come,
And joy shall blossom from ten thousand buds,
Gay as the nectarine, tho' now its branch
Seem to be blasted by a with'ring frost,
Never to flourish more. Come then, my loves,
Still let improvement be our daily care ;
And let us rise to this our welcome task
Soon as the lark of May, which soars aloft
In the first glimpse of morning, and performs
A darkling anthem at the gates of Heav'n :
Let us pursue it, earnest as the bee,
Searching the raspberry's unfolded bloom,
Which never leaves it till the sun is couch'd,
The longest summer's day ; yea, travels still,
And with the nightingale her strain prolongs
E'en in the moon-beam, when the vale is hush'd,
And ev'ry idler bird gone home to bed.
This be our only care, till waning life
Has number'd all its sands ; and then one grave
Receive us all, and be one only vault
The darksome cell of our imprison'd bones.
Thither let nature lead us one by one,

Nothing despairing, tho' with plenteous tears
Haply bewailing intermitted love,
As now we weep o'er Isabel deceas'd.
No proud inscription memorize the spot
To which our ashes are gone down in hope ;
But let one unadorn'd and modest stone,
Plain and sincere, say only, ' Here he lies,
And here lie those he lov'd, and those he sung.'
Under the altar of yon village church,
Which stands upon a hillock in the vale,
And looks toward the foamy swelling deep,
Close by the side of Isabel so dear,
Will we repose together ; there to rest,
Till at the dawn of everlasting doom
The summoning Archangel lift his trump,
And blow the dead to life. Then shall we wake
To sweet renewal of unceasing love,
To surer peace, and union without end.

Thou bounteous Author of all human bliss,
Give me whatever lot thy wisdom deems

Meet and convenient—pleasure, if thou wilt—
If not, then pain—and be it sharp as this,
My heart, tho' wounded, shall adore thee still

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES.

TO A SISTER.

WHEN kind Cecilia welcom'd to her breast
The finch the schoolboy pilfer'd from its nest ;
And fed the nursling till its plumage grew,
And its firm pinions with full vigour flew,
She ope'd her chamber in the blaze of day,
And bade the feather'd foundling post away.
' Go little bird, to range the field be thine,
To give thee liberty and life was mine ;
No ransom ask I, recompens'd enow,
To hear thy song upon the distant bough.'
But he, by gratitude's sweet tie detain'd,
Felt to her hand his small affection chain'd.
He fled indeed, and with true transport burn'd,
But still to her and to his cage return'd.

Nor went she forth to saunter in the grove,
But still he came, and perch'd upon her glove,
Still on her shoulder sat to sing, and sip
The honey'd beverage of her dewy lip ;
Nor suffer'd love (such passion finches feel)
His little bosom from her kiss to steal.

So, dear Eliza, tho' I make thee free,
Thy daughter-like affection clings to me ;
And, tho' I bid thee a fond bride become,
Thy warmest wishes anchor still at home.
' Go gentle maid, to range the fields be thine,
To give thee nurture, and sweet grace, was mine ;
No ransom ask I, nor will inly moan,
So thou rejoice, to spend my days alone,
Silent to sit, and silent brooks explore,
Thy cage deserted and thy song no more.
Sweet bird thy mate invites thee to the wood ;
Go, and be happy as thy heart is good.

TO CECILIA.

WHY, O Spring, so in vain are display'd

Thy sweet blossoms that us'd to delight ?

And thy branches in beauty array'd,

Why attract they so little my sight ?

Why so little regard I the grove,

Or the garden, the mead, and the rill ?

Why so dull is the village I love,

And so stupid the vale and the hill ?

Ah me ! 'tis because a sweet maid

The sad village enlivens no more,

'Tis because from these mountains has stray'd

The dear Girl who I almost adore !

'Tis because I contemplate alone

The once beautiful charms of the year ;

'Tis because sweet Cecilia is gone,

And no more shall be listen'd to here.

Why, alas ! not contented to stay,

So abruptly departed the fair ?

Why so secretly vanish'd away

Ere my soul of its loss was aware ?

Why so suddenly strove she to fly,

And unblest'd from my presence withdrew ?

Why retreated, and dropt not a sigh,

Nor imparted a friendly adieu ?

She perhaps would but little regard

Were Alcander to linger and die ;

She perhaps may disdain to reward

One so little exalted as I.

She despises my state, nor approves

Of possessions where nothing is fine ;

She has elsewhere another she loves,

Whose endowment is ampler than mine.

On her merits, perhaps, deeming few,

And herself at all arts inexpert,

(For she fear'd me, and trembled to shew

What she deem'd her inferior desert,)

She may think 'twere in vain to expect
Admiration or friendship of me ;
She may think that I cannot respect
One so little accomplish'd as she.

Turn again, lovely maid—let the muse
Better hopes to thy bosom impart ;
Be assur'd, that the bard who pursues
Can approve with the tenderest heart.
What if fortune a step-mother seem,
And his superflux now may be none ;
She ere long may avow her esteem,
And proclaim him her favourite son.

O return, and let mutual desire
In thy look, in thy accent be found—
Let Amelia again touch the lyre,
And refresh the sad vale with its sound.
Let thine own rapid finger mine ear
To sweet music for ever incline ;
For thy bosom has nothing to fear ;
And I would that as little had mine.

THE FALL OF HEBE.

WHEN Hebe the Charming was banish'd from Heav'n,
 Notwithstanding her beauty and birth,
 And her office by Jove to another was given,
 She came down, to be vain upon earth.

She travell'd all Europe an equal to meet ;
 But no features with her's could compare,
 Not a virgin was found that was half so complete,
 She was fairest of all that are fair.

But it happen'd at length, as she heedlessly stray'd
 By a brook that ran down to the sea,
 She was met by a good-humour'd, innocent maid,
 Who, they said, was more charming than she.

She appeal'd to the Shepherds, and, favour to gain,
 Brought the cup of the Gods in her hand ;
 She insisted on homage, but sought it in vain,
 Not a Shepherd would heed her command.

They agreed ‘ of the many fair maids they had seen,
She was fairest of all except one :
She was beauteous and lovely as Beauty’s own queen ;
But that Kitty was equall’d by none.’

Enrag’d that a maid not immortal should charm,
Her nectar she threw in her face ;
From her cheek, it down trickled her neck and her arm,
Till her beauties were all in disgrace.

Mighty Jove saw the wrong from his chamber in Heav’n,
And sent his fleet messenger down,
To examine the cause, and make matters all even
As soon as the grievance was known.

He came, and decreed, ‘ that since Hebe was vain,
And had injur’d her betters below,
Envy never should flee from her forehead again ;
But should live among frowns on her brow.

‘ Ill-nature and anger should scowl in her eye,
Pride and insolence dwell on its lid,

More than half a thousand attractions should die,
Not a feature should charm as it did.

‘ But for Kitty, since she had not given offence,
But was innocent, humble, and meek,
On her forehead should flourish good humour and sense
To atone for the blot on her cheek.

‘ The Muses and Graces should in her delight,
And, to pay for the charms she had lost,
Should contend with each other, from morning to night,
To see which could adorn her the most.’

So was Hebe disgrac’d with a leer and a frown,
While Kitty had beauties enow—
A lovelier charmer was never sent down
To be courted by mortals below.

A QUESTION

PROPOSED AND EXPLAINED TO KITTY.

WHENCE came the blemish on thy face ?

Did Hebe cause the stain,

Did Nature's self her work disgrace

Lest Kitty should be vain ?

No, 'twas the Priest, who seldom went

To sprinkle smiles like thine,

Mistook the chalice for the font,

And christen'd thee with wine :

Or the pure element, distress'd

At Angel-looks so meek,

Thought thee another Saviour-guest,

And blush'd * upon thy cheek.

* The author here alludes to a well-known beautiful line, said to have been written by Dryden, upon the Miracle of Cana :

Lympha pndica Deum vidit et erubuit—

When God appear'd, the conscious water blush'd.

So Heaven forbade with timely spot
That beauty to aspire,
Which, had it blaz'd without a blot,
Had set the world on fire.

*VERSES*

OCCASIONED BY AN ACCIDENT.

It chanc'd, her gay triumph to check,
As Amanda was dancing with grace,
The chain that encompass'd her neck
Came asunder, and fell from its place.

Be it mine, said the youth at her side,
To entammel a heart that would stray.
It shall rest where it is, she replied,
Lest my own should be pilfer'd away.

Ay, bind it, he answer'd with zeal,
O for charity give it a chain ;
For none that has power to steal
Will have virtue enough to refrain.

ADDRESS TO HIS FATHER.

DEPARTED soul, whose sudden calm decease
Came in the moment when thy joyous heart
Welcom'd the birth-hour of thy latest born—
Thou at whose feet, a care-devoted child,
I stood unconscious in the hour of death,
And saw thy eyelid close, nor deem'd it aught
Save the sweet symptom of returning sleep—
Kind parent, whose indulgence yet my soul
Fondly remembers, and thy name reveres—
If in the mansions where thy spirit dwells
Inhabits sweet remembrance of thy own,
Know they are happy, and thy virtues hail
With never-ceasing pride and filial joy.

TO AMANDA.

IF Prometheus, my charmer, complain'd
Of the rigorous justice of Jove,
And to Caucasus ever was chain'd,
When he stole only fire from above ;

Shalt thou 'scape the Thunderer's blow,
And thy infinite theft be forgiven,
Who hast plunder'd all nature below,
Who hast stol'n all the beauties of heaven ?

O no, thou no longer shalt stray
From the fetters of punishment free ;
Mighty Jove the vast wrong shall repay,
And chain thee for ever—to me.

CANZONET I.

WHEN the grey witch of former days
 Presum'd to exercise her spell,
 She made her exit in a blaze,
 And he that was bewitch'd was well.

But now since more angelic shapes
 At incantation take their turn,
 The beauteous sorceress escapes,
 And he that is bewitch'd must burn.

So am I doom'd in spite of aid
 To languish in the midst of flame,
 Fast-stak'd by yon enchanting maid,
 Who charms me with her very name.

Bewitching beauty, ah, restrain
 The pow'rful magic of thine eye,

Bestow a smile upon my pain,
And set me free, or let me die.

Rouse thy displeasure. Let despair
With his keen arrow pierce my side,
Or give me ease, which must be there,
Where heav'n, and love, and thou reside.

THE MIDNIGHT INVOCATION.

YE fairies who float on the breeze,
And in blossoms delight to repose,
Or regale with convenience and ease
In the moss-cover'd bud of the rose;

Ye elves who in acorn-cups dwell,
Sleeping fast through the fervours of noon,
And rejoice round the hyacinth's bell
To dance down the pale day of the moon;

Lay aside ev'ry sport ye pursue
On the mountain or dew-besprent green,
And your gay summer habits renew,
To come hither and wait on your Queen.

Make ye haste at the dead of the night
From her chamber to steal her away,
Oh make haste, and again to my sight
My divine little charmer convey.

Your most easy of chariots prepare,
One whose wheels are on thistledown borne,
And conduct her asleep thro' the air
Softly smiling as rosy-cheek'd morn.

Deck her couch with the blossoms of spring,
Round about her sweet essences shed,
And suspend the grey butterfly's wing
For a canopy over her head.

In the lap of sweet slumber and ease
On the plumes of the moth let her lie,

And her check curtain close from the breeze
With the web of the foe to the fly.

And, since slumber and music agree,
Gentle harmonies round her be heard,
The soft flutes of the gnat and the bee,
And the hum of the dew-sipping bird.

At my door when your myriads alight,
Let no footstep disquiet her peace ;
Come ye down like the snow in the night,
Soft and still as the dew on the fleece.

And if, wak'd, from yon intricate thorn
The sweet linnet should warble his lay,
Bid him hush, for it is not the morn,
He has long to repose before day.

Airy charmer, who thus to my sight,
Cloth'd in fancy's bewitching attire,
Comest ever by day and by night,
While I gaze and too fondly admire ;

Lift thine eye, and my passion approve,
For I own, and conceal it no more,
Thou alone art the fairy I love,
Thou alone art the sylph I adore.

Yet, alas ! since to these longing arms
Thy attractions thou wilt not resign,
Slumber on while I dote on thy charms,
And applaud what must never be mine.

Ah ! the Fates, gentle Waller, design'd
That our lots should in one thing agree ;
Thou wast won by a maiden unkind,
And a maiden unkind has won me.

Thou didst love, and still she could refuse,
Sweet encouragement never was thine,
Saccharissa could laugh at thy muse,
Annabella is heedless of mine.

EVENING WALK.

'Tis awful, as the shades of ev'ning fall,
To walk among that family of oaks
Which nature seems, in her luxuriant mood,
To have pour'd along the bottom of the vale.
Under their mingled bough reigns double night,
Cloth'd in profoundest horror. 'Tis a path
Dull at noonday ; but at the twilight close,
Dark as the blind abyss or gloomy cave
Of sightless death and never-ending night.

A LANDSCAPE.

BEHOLD that vale, whose sides are cloth'd with wood ;
And here and there a pleasurable spot
Of intersected pasture, with its stack,
Cottage and lodge, few sheep, and grazing cow :
Mark how it mellows as it steals away,
And mingles fainter shadows, softer woods.
How gracefully it parts, and winds along,
To leave that rising ground, on whose fresh top
Above the green enclosures stands a Church,
Which smiles with glory as the ev'ning sun,
And seems to love the prospect it adorns.
Behold behind it, as the vale recedes
And falls into a flat the eye scarce sees,
A family of hills, some near, some far,
Withdrawing till their faint expiring tops
Are almost lost, and melted into air.
Is it not lovely ? Is it not divine ?
And yet, my heart, within thy silent cell
Dwells a fair image which is lovelier still.

ANOTHER LANDSCAPE.

'Tis pleasant to look out upon that vale
 After a day of rain. A plenteous shower
 Gives freshness to its verdure, makes the oaks
 Dispers'd along its bottom and its sides
 Look young and vigorous ; and ev'ry field,
 Hedge-row, and coppice, seems as new as they.
 Perhaps, the setting sun a moment shines,
 And over-head, ting'd by his fiery ray,
 Floats the departing cloud, and seems a waste
 Or vapoury wilderness of hills and rocks,
 And sunny mountains upon mountains pil'd.
 Perhaps, too, as the dewy eve has clos'd ;
 Slowly ascending, the September moon
 Has, with her ample copper-colour'd face,
 Above the cloud or highland wood appear'd,
 And, silently improving as she rose,
 Hung o'er the faded landscape full of light ;

A glorious lamp to cheer a boundless hall,
Floating across the living roof of Heav'n,
Suspended upon nothing. Lend me, WRIGHT,
Thy happy pencil, and the scene is mine.

BLANK LINES TO KITTY.

ELEGANT Fairy, whose engaging ways
Have rais'd thee to a throne in my esteem
High above all thy sex !—Unrivall'd maid,
Who, ever to my mind a welcome guest,
Com'st with such sweet intrusion, whether night
Muffle the world in darkness, and I sleep,
Or muse in vigilance to-morrow's song ;
Or whether day be kindled in the east,
And find me poring on my Shakspeare's line ;
Thou, whose sweet image at the ev'ning dance,
Or mid the flow'ry tribes, describing all,
And all surpassing (loveliest flow'r that blows) ;
Or by domestic hearth, or at the desk
Rapidly fingering authentic proof

Of taste and industry ; pursues me still ;
Say, by what magic pow'r, what heav'nly art,
Hast thou my soul subdued, and bound it fast
In chains of strong attachment ? Why returns
Thy ev'ry action to my musing eye ?
Why feeds remembrance still upon thy smile,
And deems it sweet repast ? Have not I look'd
On many an angel, ere I look'd on thee ?
Have I not witness'd the commanding grace
Which affability and smiles bestow
On heav'nly features ? Have I not beheld
Beauty allied to fortune and to rank,
And plum'd with all the dignity can spring
From virtue and a due regard to heav'n,
Join'd to the feeble ornament of art,
Dress and accomplishments ? Why then art thou
Not to be banish'd from my longing heart ?
Why does thy lovely image haunt my soul ?
Ah me ! I must adore thee, and my chains
Lothe not : captivity is passing sweet,
Cheer'd by the sweet persuasion that thy heart
Is one with mine. Hope, be thy ray sincere,

And light us safely o'er the shoals of love,
Into the peaceful haven of success !
And then, indulgent heav'n, if my fate
Be sad discomfiture, still favour her,
And give her, to compensate my defeat,
The sweetest portion of thy sweetest cup.

TO A LADY,

WHO, UPON RECEIVING A FLOWER, OBSERVED THAT
NATURE COULD NOT HAVE MADE IT MORE PERFECT.

COULD Nature do no more for this fair flower ?

Assert it not, fair maid—it is not true ;

To make a fairer she had surely power,

Who made a fairer when she modell'd you *.

* For the thought of this little piece, and one of the lines, the Author confesses himself to have been indebted to an ingenious friend.

CANZONET II.

IN my bosom contentment shall reign,
And despair shall torment me no more ;
I have seen my lov'd fair one again,
And she came with a smile to my door.

I have seen her, tho' transient her stay,
Tho' time would not loiter and wait ;
And the show'r has not yet wash'd away
The small print of her foot at my gate.

Rapid day, the strong reason explain
Why thy steeds were so quick to be gone,
To remove my sweet angel again,
And to leave me to linger alone.

Come again, and, to merit my praise,
Travel slow thro' the regions above,
And I'll give thee the gratefulest lays
Which can flow from the bosom of love.

O return, and, to win my good will,
When I see her approach from afar,
Turn thy steeds with their heads to a hill,
And lock fast ev'ry wheel of thy car.

LINES

INSERTED IN A POCKET-BOOK.

Go, little book, I charge thee post away ;
To the fair hand of her I love depart,
And in soft numbers to her eye convey
The still confession of a wounded heart.

Whisper the hopeless passion in her ear,
Which thy sad master can no longer hide ;
And say, not Lyttelton was more sincere
When at his Lucy's grave he fondly sigh'd.

Go, and return not ; but from day to day
Plead for affection till her heart approve ;
Go, and return not, but for ever stay,
The sacred pledge of unforbidden love.

For know, if to this hand these leaves return,
And to this heart unwelcome tidings bear,
Thou must a flame-devoted victim burn
Upon the kindled altar of despair.

But if thou stay, and her propitious eye
Delight to read my undissembling line,
Thy precious memory shall never die,
But live eternal as her love and mine.

TO THE MOON.

REPLENISH'D moon, whose unobstructed beam
Once more upon the windows of my cot
Shines with such sweet indulgence, welcome still !
I bid thee welcome with a cheerful heart,
Which loves thy gentle mitigated ray,
And the sweet smile of mute benevolence
Which glows upon thy brow—whether thy orb
Rise in the tranquil hour, and climb in peace
The azure concave of unclouded heav'n,

Or leave its couch to cross a stormy sky,
And post triumphantly from cloud to cloud—
Or whether thy pure beam shed second day
Upon a frosty scene of hills and dales
Cover'd with winter's snow, or dimly rise
From autumn's purple east with aspect streak'd,
Tawny, and slowly bright'ning, as subsides
The ray of mellow ev'ning in the west—
Yes, I still love thee, and thy rising hail
With all the little music which the lyre
Struck by my hand can utter.

Yet, fair moon,
Much as I love thee, let me wish thee gone.
Empty thy golden globe. Reverse thy horns,
Swiftly renewing, till thy ample orb
Once more arrive at her full-lumin'd hour.
For know, unwearied empress of the night,
Soon as thy lamp industrious shall have run
Its phasy circuit round the tardy earth,
So soon I meet the fair one I adore,
My promise-bound companion in the dance.

Then, cheerful orb, I shall not look on thee.
Fair as thou art, a fairer still than thou
Will all my 'tendance win. Sweet is thy smile,
But sweeter her's. For as thy beauteous light
O'ercomes the feebler glories of the sky,
So will her fair appearance thy poor ray
With ease subdue, and make it pale and faint
As at the dawn of all-eclipsing day.

CANZONET III.

WHEN the maid that possesses my heart
Was content at my mansion to stay,
Rapid time was in haste to depart,
And the moments fled laughing away.

But now since I see her not near,
And to seek her is not in my pow'r,
Ev'ry day is as long as a year,
Ev'ry moment as slow as an hour.

Tardy time, thy fleet pinions repair,
To be swifter than ever was known ;
Let the hours while I wait for my fair
Dance away upon sandals of down.

But when, her gay fellows among,
At my door my sweet angel appears,
Bid the moments steal softly along,
And lengthen the days into years.

TO HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS, thou puny short-liv'd plant,
Whose tender branch this world's inclement sky
But ill endures, and bears abundant bloom
In the pacific clime of Heaven alone,
Let me thy transient beauty strive to rear,
Not without hope, uncertain as thou art,
That thy sweet blossom shall at length be mine.
I'll give thee shelter from all winds that blow,
Diffuse eternal summer round thy head,

And satisfy thy root with gentle drops,
Warm as the dew the tender mother sheds
Upon her drooping child. And in return
Do thou, sweet stranger, to my longing eye
At least one blossom leisurely unfold,
To be transported, when occasion smiles,
Into the bosom of the maid I love.
There to abide, perchance, shall please thee well,
For 'tis a mansion like thy native seat,
The fair abode of innocence and truth.
Be it thy home, and satisfy mankind
That happiness can flourish here below,
And is not always like the cereus' bloom,
Alive at night, and wither'd ere the morn.

CANZONET IV.

CAN aught be more fair to the eye
Than the blush of the maidenly year?
Can aught with the orchard-bloom vie,
When in May its sweet blossoms appear?
Can aught like the eglantine please,
Or the rose budding? Tell me, what can?
O thrice more attracting than these
Is the cheek of my sweet little Anne.

What can charm like the spring of the field,
When it trickles transparently by?
Or what sweeter pleasure can yield,
Than to look on the gems of the sky?
What can win like the tremulous dew
Which the Zephyrs on gossamer fan?
O thrice more enchanting to view
Is the eye of my sweet little Anne.

Can aught like the morning delight,
 When it dawns toward peaceable day ?
Or bewitch like the planet of night,
 When she steals in good humour away ?
Is there aught like the sweetness of eve,
 When, serene as when nature began,
The soft sun takes his mellow last leave ?
 Yes, the smile of my sweet little Anne.

Can aught more delicious be nam'd
 Than the exquisite fruit of the pine ?
More inviting can aught be proclaim'd
 Than the elegant bunch of the vine ?
Is there aught can in flavour exceed
 Ev'ry beverage precious to man ?
O yes, these are tasteless indeed
 To the kiss of my sweet little Anne.

Thrice more than the sun-setting hour,
 Or the dawn of the morning, benign,
More delightful than spring's sweetest flow'r,
 Or the mirth-making juice of the vine,

More serene than the gems of the sky,
And more soft than the down of the swan,
Is the cheek, is the lip, is the eye,
Is the smile, of my sweet little Anne.

SECOND ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

MOON that so fairly risest from the crown
Of yon high oak, and wast so fondly pray'd
To fill thy orb with light, ah me ! how cold,
How little welcome is thy cheerless beam !
Methought it would have found me full of hope,
And at the side of one whose winning smiles
My soul devoutly honours. But it comes
To see me languishing in discontent,
To see me pining with a brimful eye,
Soliciting in vain the buried dart
Which festers in my bosom. Gentle moon,
How did I blame thee that thy phasy lamp
So tardily increas'd ! For now methought

I should again my charmer's eye engage,
And touch the hand which her own welcome word,
Her own spontaneous promise, had decreed
Should at this moment have been link'd in mine.

O happiness, thou fair delusive flower,
How painfully had I thy puny bud
Taught to unfold its slow reluctant leaf !
How had I cherish'd thee, with little doubt
Ere this thy grateful blossom would have grac'd
The glowing bosom of rewarded love !
But ah ! a cruel worm has kill'd my hopes,
Nor can I decorate a wounded heart
With that sweet blossom which it surely needs.
An exile let me wander, far from hope,
Far from the haven of content and ease,
Far from that Paradise my dotting heart
Fondly suppos'd its own. Such was the pain
Desponding Adam felt when from his hand
The gracious Angel parted, and he saw
Before him barren earth's unbounded plain,

Behind him God's high-blazing fiery sword.
Such anguish felt he when the golden gate
Clos'd on the blooming garden, which his hand
Had with affection nurtur'd. And such too
Were the few natural drops he shed apart,
And wip'd them soon. So did he overlook
And bury in her tears the bitter smart
Eve's indiscretion rais'd, concealing half
And all forgiving the vast woe he felt.

Poor discontented heart ! when shalt thou taste
Of the pure spring of happiness again !
Wide is the moon from the life-shedding sun,
Wide are the spangled heavens from the earth,
Wide is the east from the day-drowning west ;
Yet are not all these distances so wide
As the wide distance between thee and peace.
Thou restless tenant of an aching breast,
Why dost thou labour at the forge of life
With such impetuous stroke ? 'Tis not disease
Which comes thy little kingdom to disturb :
'Tis not the fever which alarms my blood,

Or brain delirious, which in ugly dream
Sees bony death with his potential bar
Heaving the lid of the unwholesome vault,
To give my relics room. No, 'tis the loss
Of only one sweet jewel dearly priz'd,
Whose absence may be some day not perceiv'd,
Tho' never recompens'd. Then be at ease ;
The darkest night is follow'd by a dawn ;
The gloomiest cavern has a distant mouth,
Which opens to the sun. Anguish and pain
Are changeable and waning as the moon.
The weeping mother of an only child
Can place him in the bowels of the earth,
And feel content again. His blooming bride
The husband buries, and forgets his loss.
Then may thy quick tumultuous throb be still'd
By the slow lapse of moments, months, and years.
Be patient then, and let my wakeful eye
Meet its accustom'd slumbers. One pang more
Shall be allow'd thee, when the die is cast,
And she's for ever and for ever gone.
Then to thy peace return, nor waste a sigh,

Convinc'd that Heaven in the cup of life
Mingles prevention for the good of man.

TO A LADY,

WHO DREW THE PINS FROM HER BONNET IN A THUNDER-
STORM.

CEASE, Eliza, thy locks to despoil,
Nor remove the bright steel from thy hair :
For fruitless and fond is the toil,
Since nature has made thee so fair.

While the rose on thy cheek shall remain,
And thine eye so bewitchingly shine,
Thy endeavour must still be in vain,
For *attraction* will always be thine.

❖ *TO CRITICISM.*

SISTER of Nature, lovely Criticism,
 Whose friendly, exquisite, judicious touch
 Softens the blaze of genius, and the work
 Of every muse improves ; ingenious maid,
 Deem not I shun thee with a scornful eye.
 Come to my side, and look upon my work :
 Be seated by me. Ruminatè my page ;
 And while my hand is loop'd about thy waist,
 And my reclining head in thoughtful ease
 Reposes on thy shoulder, mark my faults.
 Point to the line which my impatient pen
 Has hastily dismiss'd, and blot the word
 Which gives offence to decency or truth.
 I feel and own that I have much to mend.
 Reprove me, and advise me. Thy rebuke
 Is ever tender, and so mix'd with love,
 'Tis but a precious medicine disguis'd,

Which charms the palate, and restores the man.
 Such is thy censure, Cowper, whom my muse
 Dares to believe, nor scruples to pronounce,
 'The fairest critic, and the sweetest bard.

END OF VOL. I.

CORRIGENDA.

* * * Since some of the preceding Articles (now first printed) passed through the press, a more accurate copy in MS. has been found, which suggests the following corrections :

| | | |
|------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| P. 278. line 3. | for <i>and</i> | read <i>or</i> . |
| ... 15. ... | <i>brooks</i> | ... <i>books</i> . |
| 279. ... 11. ... | <i>has</i> | ... <i>is</i> . |
| ... 12. ... | <i>who</i> | ... <i>whom</i> . |
| 280. ... 17. ... | <i>on</i> | ... <i>or</i> . |
| 282. ... 7. ... | <i>that</i> | ... <i>who</i> . |
| 284. ... 1. ... | <i>a</i> | ... <i>of her</i> . |
| 285. ... 5. ... | <i>who seldom went</i> ... | <i>who, seldom went</i> . |
| 294. ... 5. ... | <i>bough</i> | ... <i>boughs</i> . |
| 295. ... 10. ... | <i>as</i> | ... <i>in</i> . |
| 298. ... 15. ... | <i>feeble ornament</i> ... | <i>feebler ornaments</i> . |

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